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Europe's Capacity For Greater National Output

MR HOFFMAN'S ESTIMATE

Paris, Oct. 6.

Mr Paul G. Hoffman, the outgoing Marshall Plan Administrator, said today that Western Europe could increase its gross national output by more than 60 percent in 10 years if it tried.

In his farewell speech to the Organisation for European Economic Co-operation, Mr Hoffman said: "Some people have said that we have a choice of guns or bread. I say no, we can have both guns and bread if we work together even more closely in the months that lie ahead than we have in the past."

"We shall have time to win this peace."

Mr Hoffman said: "In Western Europe you have 270 million hard-working and resourceful people. But your gross national product last year was only \$160,000 million. The Finance Ministers, comprising the 18-nation OEEC Governing Council, met here with financial experts today to consider a memorandum on the efforts of rearmament plans on Western Europe's economic problems."

The memorandum prepared by Mr Robert Marjolin, the OEEC Secretary-General, urged: 1. The prevention of inflation and the maintenance of internal financial stability with each country adopting its economic and military programmes to its financial resources.

2. Co-operation with the United States and Canada in sharing scarce raw materials such as metals, paper pulp and chemicals.

3. Better use of manpower by a new estimate of Europe's manpower resources.

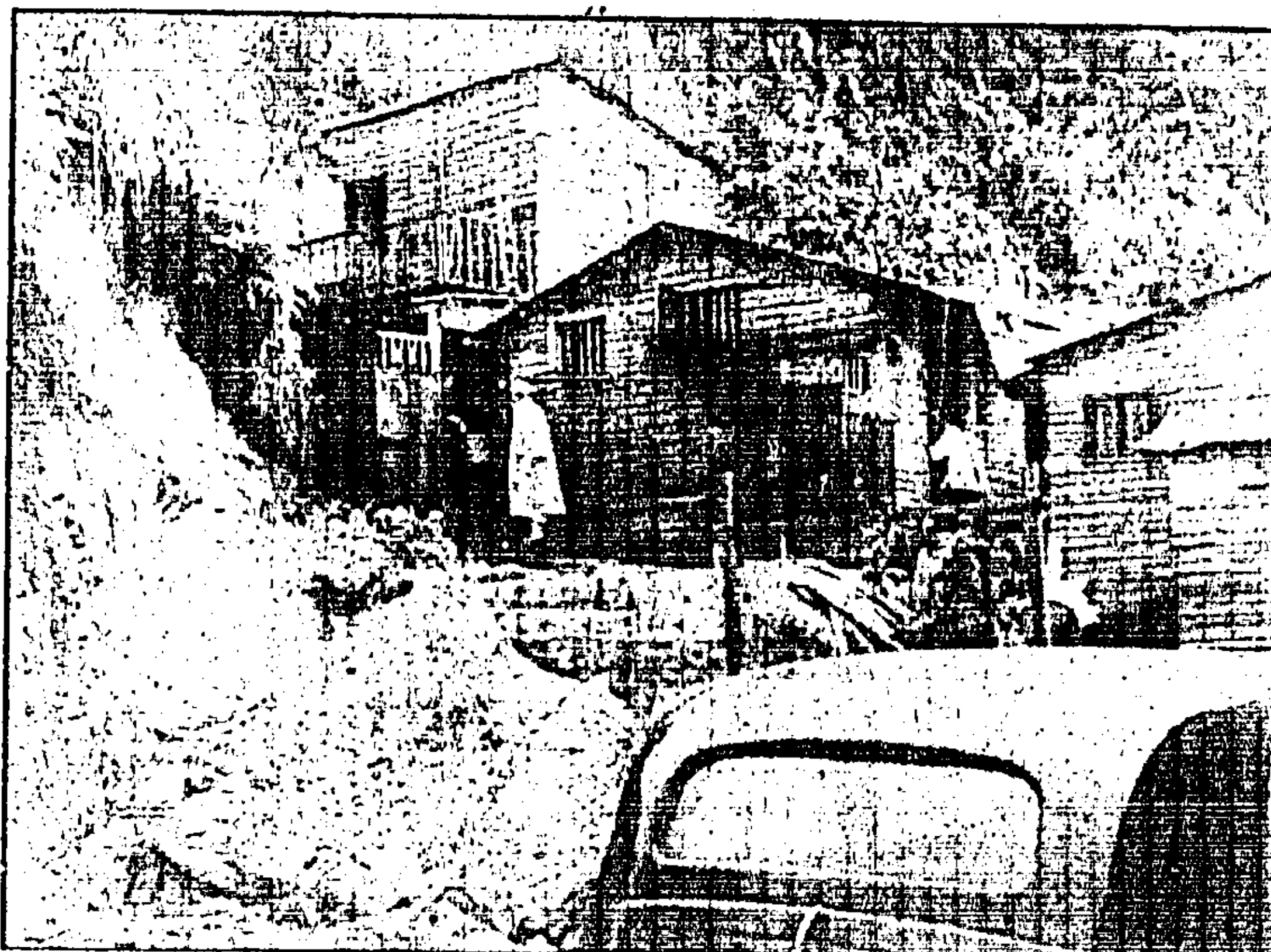
4. Continued efforts to free trade exchanges, the OEEC's original chief aim.

Today's session was adjourned until tomorrow after a committee had been appointed to study the memorandum.

Mr Hoffman's farewell speech to the OEEC in an Assembly room of the recently completed annex to its headquarters was attended by about 400 people.

Speakers stood with their backs to a line of 20 flags—those of the 18 member nations and the United States and Canada.—Reuter.

These Were The Fortunate Huts



Here are some of the squatters huts which narrowly escaped being tele-scoped by the landslide at Happy Valley yesterday which killed seven people. Part of the landslide which obliterated several huts can be seen in the left hand corner of this picture.—Staff Photographer.

Indonesians Attacking Rebels' Capital City

Djakarta, Oct. 6.

Indonesian forces have reached the outskirts of Ambon City, the capital of the rebel South Moluccas Republic, three days after launching an all-out offensive, authoritative sources said here tonight.

The sources added that Indonesian forces had occupied the whole of the northern half of Ambon Island.

Radio Ambon today claimed that the Indonesian Navy was using 15 corvettes for the operations. It was hoped that the operations would be completed by this weekend, Indonesian military sources said.

The United Nations Commission for Indonesia today appealed to the nine-month old Indonesian Republic to halt its military offensive against the Moluccas—the only area still resisting incorporation in the Federal State formed from the former Dutch East Indian colonies.

The Republic, self-proclaimed last April, declared that it did not recognise the sovereignty of the Djakarta Government.

On Tuesday, the Dutch Prime Minister, Dr Willem Drees, sent a cable to the Indonesian Prime Minister, Dr Mohammad Natsir, expressing the Government's "great anxiety" about Indonesia's action.

Today the Indonesian Defence Ministry continued its silence on the Ambon operations.

The United Nations Commission today asked the Indonesian Government, "even at this late stage," further to explore the possibility of a peaceful settlement by accepting the Commission's offer to mediate in the conflict.

Consensus sources today said that they feared its appeal, "was in a letter handed to the Indonesian Foreign Minister, Dr Mohammad Roem, would be rebuffed by the Indonesian Government on the ground that the South Moluccas problem was a 'purely domestic' issue."

Earlier the Dutch Government had asked the Commission to "use all means" to end the fighting.—Reuter.

Road Suddenly Opens Up

A large hole, some four yards by five yards in area, suddenly appeared in the road at last night, past eleven last night at the corner of Bonham and Cairn roads, about 100 yards from the Netherlands Hospital.

PWD officials could not, this morning, offer a precise reason for the subsidence, but believe it may have been caused by heavy pressure of water beneath the road due to the heavy rains of the past 48 hours.

NO RACES TODAY

Races today have been postponed because the weather has made the course unusable. Today's events, including the Kwangtung Handicap, will be run off next Saturday.

Monday's programme will be raced as announced.

Sale of tickets on the big Kwangtung Handicap sweepstake will carry on until late next Friday. The draw will be made next Saturday morning.

Over 1,734,000 tickets had been sold up to 5 p.m. yesterday. It is believed that another week's sale may create a record.

Damaging Strike In W. Germany

Hamburg, Oct. 6.

The wages strike of 20,000 waterways employees today crippled the West German waterways system. The pilot service of the Elbe between the North Sea and Hamburg was cut down to a skeleton.

The Transport Ministry here said that all locks in North and Central Germany were closed and tug services had stopped.

Europe's largest lock, the Hindenburg Lock at Anderten, near Hanover, was closed, but traffic on the Kiel Canal, which links the North Sea with the Baltic, was reported by the Ministry to be almost normal again.

The pilot service on the Elbe was also resumed tonight with an emergency service.

Most of the crew members of the four "Elbe" lightships in the German bay have been returned at their own request to Cuxhaven, on the Elbe Estuary. The remaining guards will keep the ships working, a Ministry spokesman stated.

The ports of Hamburg and Bremen were not affected by the strike.

The Chairman of the Transport Trade Union here said tonight that it was the Government's fault if shipping in West Germany was tied up. But the West German Labour Minister, Herr Storch, placed the responsibility on the Transport Union.

Shipping firms accused the Union of jeopardising trade with abroad.

The Transport Minister, Herr Seeborn, today appealed to the strikers to resume work at once.—Reuter.

S. Koreans Continue Their Rapid Advance Changjon Captured

NOW ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF TONGCHON

Changjon, North Korea, Oct. 6.

Communist light artillery tonight shelled the road in front of the advancing South Korean Third Division on the outskirts of Tongchon, 18 miles north of here.

In a brisk fight last night for Changjon, 60 miles north of the 38th Parallel, South Koreans knocked out a four-gun Communist field battery and drove out a Northern delaying force estimated at one battalion.

For 10 days this South division had averaged 13 miles a day.

When the South Koreans swept through the town before dawn they had captured 11 guns, including one 112-millimetre weapons, six motor trucks and large quantities of petrol and ammunition.

Without a pause they marched on towards Tongchon where the Communists were expected to fight another delaying action.

Southern casualties were light in the Changjon fighting. This afternoon the narrow road which winds alongside the steep, black rocks of the Diamond Mountain range by the edge of the sea presented the strange wartime sight of a full division marching north in column of route.

Civilian ammunition carriers marched with them. American military advisers with the South Koreans described the swift advance as a "blitzkrieg on foot."

Changjon was quiet tonight with most of the civilians returning from the hills where they had taken refuge last night on Communist orders.

Townspeople said that the force attacking the town consisted mostly of Americans because all the South Korean soldiers had been killed.

The total did not include civilian casualties in United Nations air raids.

Prisoners of war totalled 40,000, 14,000 of them in the past three days.

A spokesman said that Communist prisoners had stated that many more North Koreans would give themselves up but were prevented from doing so by Communist officers who shot any about to surrender.

Military intelligence reports here said that large-scale road movements from the Manchurian border into Korea had been observed but there had been nothing to suggest that these were troop convoys.

United Nations officials here also discounted "scarce rumours" of Chinese Communist troops moving into North Korea.—Reuter.

Four former British residents in Seoul, including Bishop Cooper of Korea, were taken to Pyongyang, the Northern capital, several weeks before United Nations forces re-entered Seoul, a Foreign Office spokesman said here today.

Apart from the Bishop, the British residents were Commissioner Lord of the Salvation Army, Fr. Hunt and Sister Mary Clare.

The spokesman said that this information had been received from the British Charge d'Affaires in Korea, Mr A. C. Adams.—Reuter.

General MacArthur, doubtful if the Security Council's resolution of June 27 permitted him to cross into North Korea, had asked Lake Success for a ruling, according to United Nations sources here.

South Korean advanced troops called up reinforcements when they ran into a Communist "suicide battalion" in mountain peaks north of Changjon, on the east coast 60 miles north of 38th Parallel, last night.

After a night's bitter fighting the South Koreans broke through and advanced 18 miles. Further south, the Southern Capital Division, which crossed the Parallel 10 miles from the east coast, claimed to have dispersed 1,200 Communists who were by-passed by the motorised spearheads.

All along the road the South Koreans found well prepared trenches and other defences, but apparently they moved so fast that the Communists were not able to use them.

There was still no report of an answer to General MacArthur's surrender ultimatum to the North Koreans.

Strong Earth Tremors

London, Oct. 6.

European observatories said today that they had recorded strong four to five hour earth tremors yesterday. The centre, they agreed, was 5,000 to 6,000 miles away to the west.

The Dutch Meteorological Institute at De Bilt reported an "extremely strong" four-hour quake, probably in Ecuador. Rome Observatory thought that the quake was in Sumatra, Indonesia. Faenza, on the Adriatic Coast, estimated the centre to be 5,000 miles away.

The shock was also recorded in Britain.—Reuter.

Indo-China

Evacuation

Link Made With Relieving French Troops

Saigon, Oct. 6.

The French troop evacuating the Indo-Chinese garrison town of Caobang near the China frontier have joined up with a relief column sent from Thakhe, a Foreign Legion outpost, to cover them from attacks by Vietminh guerrillas.

An Army spokesman said today that guerrilla battalions were attacking small French outposts at various points along a 40-mile frontier section between Langson and Thakhe 80 miles north of Hanoi.

The attacks were evidently designed to harass the evacuation of Caobang, 25 miles north-west of Thakhe. Guerrillas tore down poles carrying tramway overhead wires on the outskirts of Hanoi, in Northern Indo-China, the spokesman added.

The spokesman said that advance elements evacuating the Caobang garrison of Foreign Legion, Moroccan, Vietnamese troops had now reached in being the covering force from Thakhe, which was occupying defensive positions. They were still encountering Vietminh resistance.—Reuter.

EDITORIAL

Invitation And Challenge

BRITAIN'S attitude to China reflects but a part of her foreign policy. Nevertheless it is a vital part, and, consequently, anything that a responsible Minister of the Crown says which is associated with China must be given full value. The weightiest voice in the British Cabinet on foreign policy and affairs is that of Mr Ernest Bevin, and because of this his speech to the delegates of the Labour Party demands close attention. Three aspects of this speech are arresting: (1) the vigour and forthrightness with which he tackled the subject of international relations; (2) the consistency and continuity of the government's policy in foreign affairs; (3) the realism of his approach to the multiple problems connected with maintaining the peace and prosperity of the world, China, and her new professedly Communist government could be seen reflected in all three of these features of Mr Bevin's foreign policy speech at Margate. The Foreign Minister, with becoming realism, declared his support for the admission of the new China into the United Nations because, to withhold it, would certainly encourage a dismal state of affairs—an entitled Chinese regime embittered by obstruction and, as a result, only too willing to become a satellite voice instead of a willing and free member of the comity of nations. Nevertheless, Mr Bevin, clearly speaking for British government, made it clear that sponsorship of the Peking regime for admission to the United Nations did not mean that the new China had carte blanche to become a ghost voice for Soviet Russia in the councils. On the contrary, the British Foreign Minister reposes his faith in the traditional patience and diplomatic acumen of the Chinese to a point where he foresees the new China "finding herself associated with the Democracies in trying to build a new world." Here can be seen an interesting compromise—

perhaps gamble is the better word—between appeasement and a policy founded on consistent moral motives. Mr Bevin's gesture of friendship to Mao Tse-tung is not to be considered as an advocacy of the obstructive and destructive principles of international Communism as preached and advanced by Soviet Russia, but as an opportunity for China, "a great nation" as Mr Bevin describes her, to make a positive contribution to the lasting peace of the world through her association with the United Nations. Mr Bevin extended not only an invitation, but a challenge to the new China. The invitation is to become a useful member of the peace-loving world; the challenge, to adopt her professed Communist doctrine in such a way as to prove her right to membership of an organisation committed to the task, among other things, of maintaining international concord; respect of the rights of member nations; the economic, educational and cultural advancement of backward countries; and the renunciation of military and political designs on smaller nations. The Peking government would be living in a Fool's Paradise if it gained the impression from Bevin's speech that Britain was prepared to support its admission to the United Nations without prior acknowledgment of the solemn obligations which membership of UN involves. Britain's attitude and policy towards China is clearly not one of expediency but of honest conviction that the new China can, if its leaders care to exert themselves, play a proper and notable part in resolving the international problems of the day. But this contribution can come only from sound and well proved democratic principles of international relations and understanding. There is no room for any further Machiavellianism in the United Nations.



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"Sir—it ought to be—it's made with White Satin"

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TENSE with hope, this Pole tells the Norwegian examiner of his background. He was blinded in an Allied bombing raid while a slave labourer in Germany.



AN AGED refugee at Litz, Austria, prays he will be among 980 chosen by the French. Others have been accepted by Israel, Belgium and New Zealand.



ONE GOOD 'LFO' will help this Serbian boy hold a useful job when cured of TB, he tells Swedish examiners. He was wounded fighting with the Allies in 1941.

THE PEOPLE NOBODY WANTED



Blind refugees at Weyarn, Bavaria, wait for interviews which will resettle 100 of them in Norway, one of several countries which have made generous offers to DPs.

THE problem of 100,000 unwanted displaced persons still haunts Western Europe. These unfortunates are the "hard core" of the task facing the United Nations' International Refugee Organisation in the few months before it closes down in March of next year.

Although millions of homeless people have been resettled, the "hard core" DPs remain at IRO camps in Germany, Austria and Italy. Some are

aged, disabled or chronically ill, needing institutional care for the rest of their lives. Others are barred by immigration laws excluding persons who have lost a limb or the sight of one eye, those with weak hearts or traces of tuberculosis. "Uneconomic" families, such as widows with young children, also are turned down. Many "hard core" refugees have healthy relatives who, in order to keep the family together, have refused opportunities to emigrate.

At IRO camps, the sick receive medical care, and the handicapped are trained in jobs which minimise their disabilities. The "hard core" group includes professional people, craftsmen and skilled workers.

Individuals all over the world have sponsored immigrating DPs. But unless more offers are received or special arrangements made with governments, these unwanted thousands will remain homeless.



SWEDISH consul interviews in a TB hospital at Bagnoli, Italy, a patient who may be one of 150 tubercular refugees resettled in Sweden. IRO contributes to care of "hard core" DPs, dependents.



LOSS of a hand doesn't hinder this Estonian woodburner at trade, he shows Dutch examiners. They chose 13 amputees for jobs.



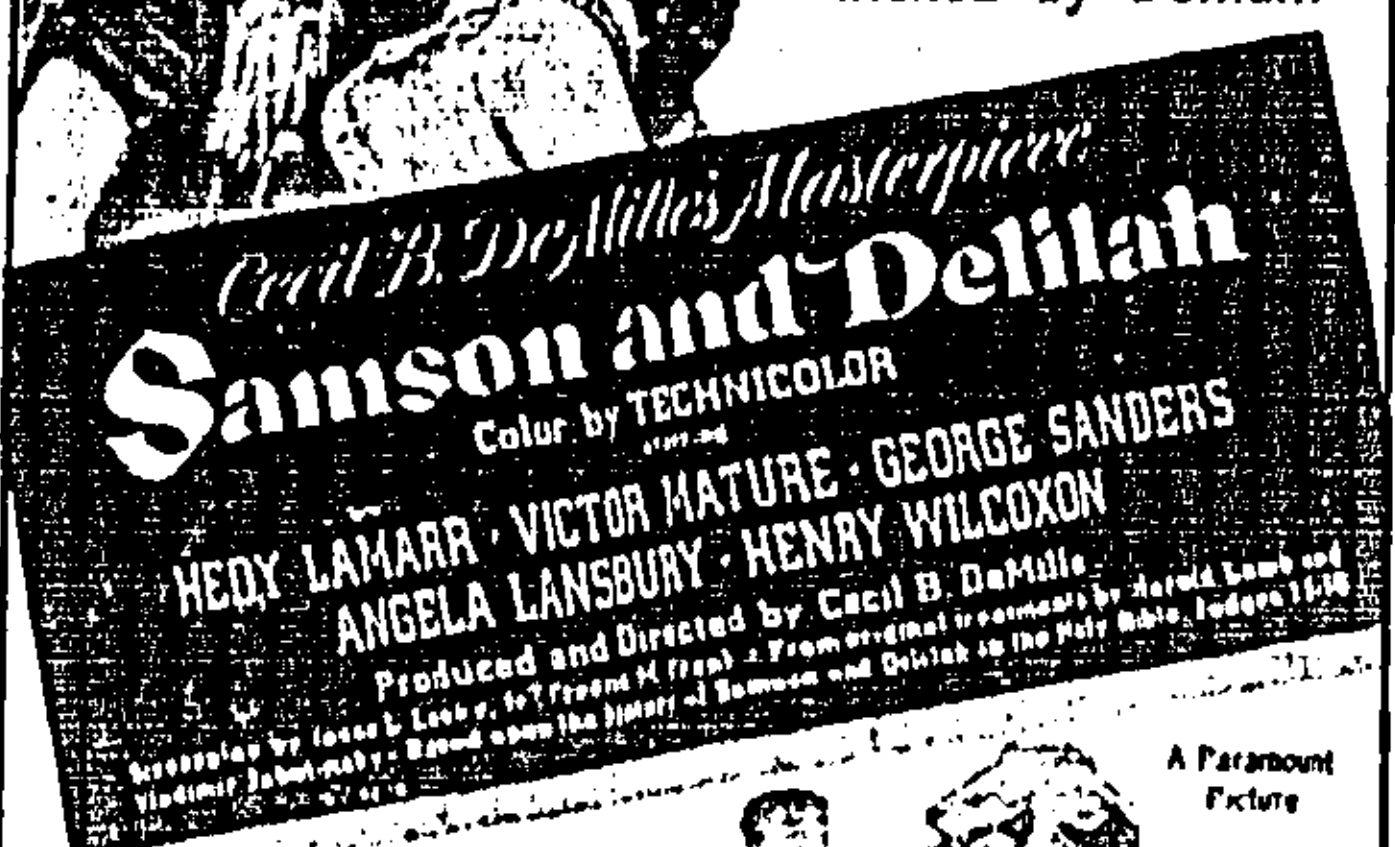
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SEE Samson tricked by Delilah!



SEE Samson fight a lion bare-handed!

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FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY FUNNIER THAN "THAT MAD MR. JONES"



OPENS TO-MORROW "THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED" 5 SHOWS ON SUNDAY & MONDAY (Extra Morning Show at 12 Noon)

It's a colossal epic out of the Book of Judges

"DeMille, who loves to unite romance and religion on the screen, has found the perfect plot in the story of Samson and Delilah. In full measure and overflowing, the story is in Chapters 13 to 16 of the Book of Judges, so full of hate, passion, frailty, treachery, murder and violence that even Biblical scholars have been said to question its place in the Holy Book."

"But the story is there and DeMille has taken full advantage of it, with enthusiasm."

So have the Lee and Liberty Theatres which are being booked full for the evening performances by early afternoon for this latest of DeMille's epics from the best-selling book in the world.

The paragraphs that supply the lead to this review are taken from Paramount Pictures' advance publicity on this epic of a fabulously strong Israelite who fell to the wiles of a fabulously beautiful Philistine.

Epic pains

DeMille took pains with this story, one of the few that he asks audiences not to miss. It is in Technicolor and the settings are as grand as generations of illustrators of Bible stories for children have associated with how the Israelite and Philistine world lived.

Yet neither Mature, nor Weissmuller, who could have done just as well as Samson and is more experienced at fighting lions, fit into the pattern. For the role of Samson, the genial Victor is rather mature where the effect on man of passing centuries goes. No matter the make-up men, he still looks a typical New York boy one would sooner expect to meet in the Bronx or Brooklyn.

In one respect Mature fits into the role. He looks as much the middle-offering smart aleck as the Book of Judges makes Samson out to be.

"That Samson could have fallen into a profound desire for Delilah seems logical enough when one views that which is more beautiful than the moon over Zorah or the staid waters of the Jordan—Hedy Lamarr."

It is a debatable point that the original Delilah looked anything like this beauty from Vienna. Had DeMille been seeking genuine historic talent to do well by Delilah, he could have given Bette Davis over to the make-up men and they could have turned out a raven-haired example of Philistine attraction that would, perhaps, have not been as fresh a breeze wafted from Hebron but would have left one more convincingly intoxicated with dramatic punch.

Lamarr, at her most dramatic, develops a Viennese accent which is even worse than the American accent of the Philistines. The choice of Mature is also open to criticism. One could associate with the biblical Samson a more dour personality. After all there is no suggestion that Samson was anywhere in the nature of a Goliath. Nor is there one that he was a gym-trained health boy.

Rock thrower.

One can even accept him as rather small in stature, toughened from throwing rocks at passing wolves that snarled at his sheep. It is not impossible to imagine Edward G. Robinson, could the make-up department make him look sufficiently young; to be on his way to claim a Philistine bride, in the role. There is a suggestion in Judges that Samson was still young when he performed his feats of strength and havoc.

The question is would Robinson and Davis, who could have made a much better dramatic job of the story, draw the same crowds that are packing the Lee and Liberty Theatres?

Old Man DeMille is a much smarter picture-maker than to have taken such a risk. With Robinson and Davis, he may have drawn appreciative plaudits from critics in the sophisticated little magazines. With Mature and Lamarr he draws in the shekels.

Illustrations

It's even said that future editions of Bible stories for children will have the Samson and Delilah chapter illustrated by Mr. DeMille's permission— from this vehicle of vehicles for Mature and Lamarr, this most spectacular and terrific, colossal film epic out of the Book of Judges.

One has to admit that DeMille can really turn out a scene that is colossal, stupendous, terrific, astounding and whatever other words a trailer has ever claimed for a film.

The scene in which Samson pulls down the temple of Dagon is built up with the hand of a master epic-weaver. It may be said that DeMille rather hurried over the rest of the film. It is patchy enough though an attempt is made to make Samson's story and his attraction for Delilah more logical than the Book of Judges makes it.

It is after Samson is blinded and the picture starts on its last half-hour that the DeMille genius becomes truly discernible.

The climax is slowly built up and not an effect is missed, not a scene wasted. The festivities before the sacrifice in all their barbaric splendour are minutely outlined. Everything garish and spectacular that could be confirmed by archaeological evidence or built up out of DeMille's fruitful imagination is rolled up.

Logical enough

If the picture will not remain in the memory of those who see it for anything else, the logical manner in which the temple is pulled down ever will. Not a scene that could have accompanied such a man-made cataclysm is missed and the cameras rest lovingly on the details.

As a film it is not DeMille's best. Those who have seen the Bible stories of silent films in their sepia tone may argue that sepia effect is better than Technicolor as a medium for the Holy Land.

For epic effect, however, the picture's last few minutes are the best that DeMille, or anyone, has ever produced. They are, indeed, colossal, stupendous, magnificent and whatever other adjectives the trailers may think up.

M.H.T.

Background to Samson & to Delilah

Culled from biographical material supplied through the courtesy of Paramount Pictures:

SAMSON (Victor Mature)
"Vic set a course for stardom nine years ago. He was fresh from 'Lady in the Dark' on Broadway, and barely known on Hollywood. He set out on a new programme of self-glorification to prove that Hollywood without Mature was an absurdity."

"He plays his rules straight and sincere. 'I'm playing Samson the same way,' he says. 'Folks get the idea that Samson is a brute, a kind of Muscular body.' The way Mr. Mature has him figured—and I agree—he was a big guy with a spectacular failing—he had an eye for a girl. He was both a judge and a fool, a guy with a heart as soft as a kitten and as big as his chest measurement."

DELILAH (Hedy Lamarr)
"Hedy was picked by DeMille for the role of the Philistine beauty, Delilah, after he had seen her as Tondelayo in 'White Cargo.' 'Anyone who has seen her as Delilah knows she is an unsettling eye for the 1100 B. C. trollop who gives a chap name of Samson a very rough time of it.'"

"Though frugal, she is accustomed to luxury—usually wears a single strand pearl necklace for sport, can't dance the rumba or the La Conga. 'American girls become sophisticated in life too early,' she says. 'Hedy knows the value of a dollar. Her chief concern is security.'"

DEMILLE TAKES PAINS



Veteran director Cecil B. DeMille, 67, demonstrates for a group of extras how to protect themselves with a shield when a granite slab falls on them.



SAMSON AND DELILAH

BRITAIN HAS PRACTICALLY NO GENUINE FILM STARS

Says Harold Conway

For years British studios have been trying to build up new film stars on the Hollywood model—glamourised and over-publicised as an insurance against the pictures being bad.

So inconsistent, misguided and ineffective have these efforts proved that today Britain has practically no genuine film stars at all.

We have rare star-appearances by Margaret Lockwood and Phyllis Calvert, by artists like Olivier and Celia Johnson. We have periodic returns of Hollywood-based British actors; and many fine performances of star standing.

But where are the regular, proved stars, whose names will draw the public to any film? Their value has been dissipated in too many bad scripts, too many wanderings off into other entertainment fields, too much nervous hiding of their pictures from the West End.

Above all, there has been disastrously cheap publicity for some promising youngsters at too early a stage in their careers.

(In this discussion we will disregard, not overlook, Anna Neagle, who is an exception to any rule.)

But here is the significant point: are British films suffering because this star-policy has collapsed? Not at all—they are doing excellently without the big names.

They made money

Think of some of the best money makers: "Whisky Galore," "They Were Not Divided," "The Blue Lamp," "The Wooden House," "The Happiest Days of Your Life," and now "Seven Days to Noon." No top-line star names in any of them; audiences have been flocking in because they want to see good stories and direction, not stars.

To put truth before gallantry, it is a number of the productions with star names which have been doing poor business in the past year.

Pictures like "The Third Man" and "State Secret" have certainly contained some big-name names, mostly imported. That was a box-office safeguard for the American market. But I guarantee that these thrillers would have been equally successful without any star inductions.

Here, then, is a new, interesting element in British film production. Producers can now say: "This is a fine story; who is the most suitable actress for the leading role?" Instead of: "Here we have Miss X under contract and doing nothing; we must find some story with a big star role for her."

The new way promises a much higher standard of pictures to come and at a more economical cost. £20,000 to £30,000 a year salaries—like the stars who could once demand them—may be vanishing.

Some of the stars may not like it. But this change of policy will help them in the long run; for it should prove the saving of the industry.

(London Express Service)

More Comfort

Patrons at the Lee Theatre may notice that it is a little more difficult to book a seat, especially in the Dress Circle. This is due to the fact that the theatre's seating arrangement is short of 93 chairs.

The seats have been upholstered, with a rubber base put in, and are now 22 inches wider, four more than they were formerly.

WEEK-END SCREEN FARE

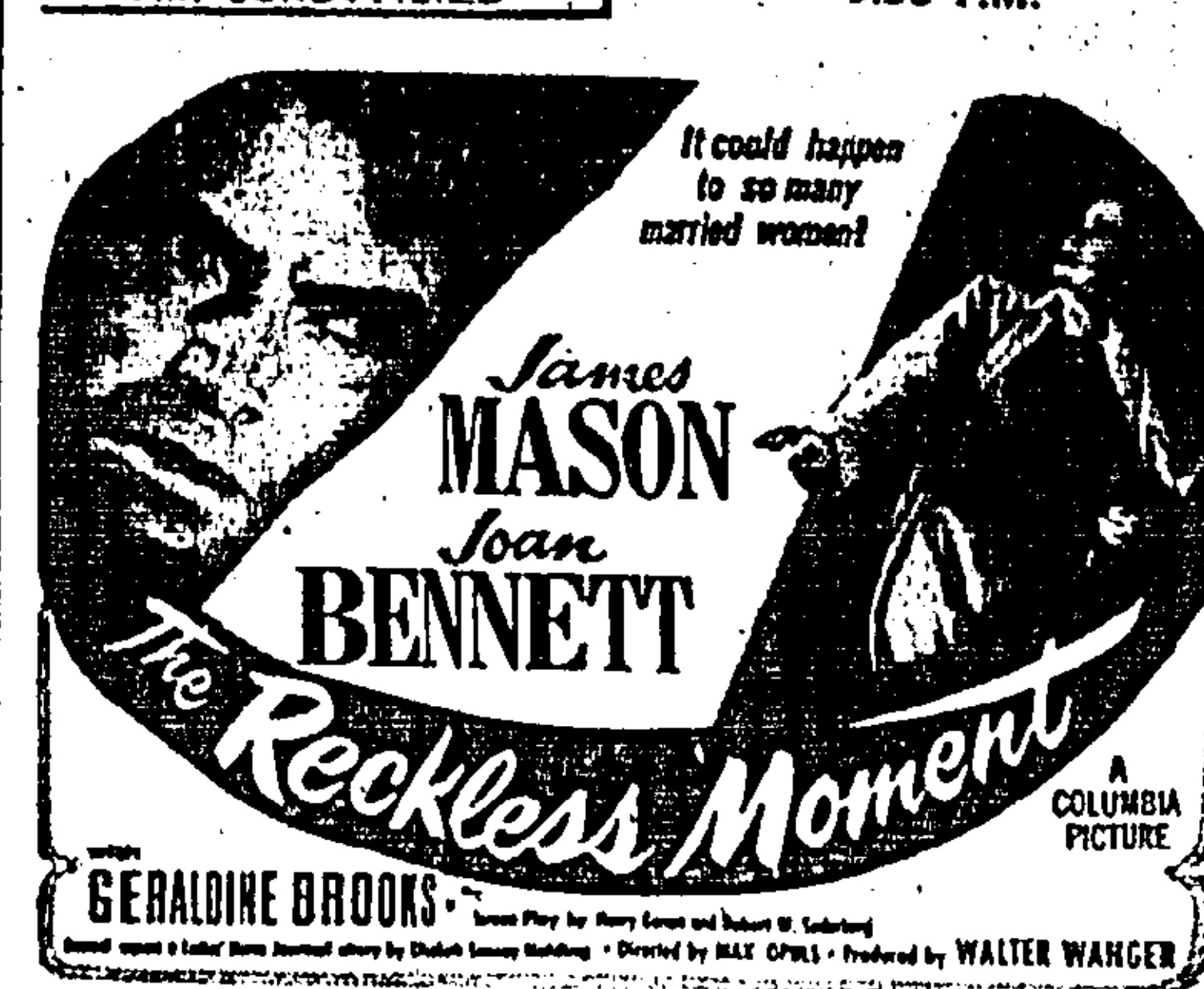
Cinderella (KING'S) is Walt Disney's contribution to a week-end of unusual films. It is one of Disney's best efforts if not his very best. He emerges finally with "Cinderella" as a man who adds to fairy tales, remodels them and makes them more memorable.

He improves on the story we knew as children, adds to it characters who will remain as vivid as any of the originals and will, with the children who see the film, be ever associated with Cinderella and her story.

The comedy situations are memorable, especially that in which the Fairy Godmother, a forgetful old lady, neglects to bring along her magic wand. Were Not Divided (ROXY & BROADWAY) is an epic of the Guardia Armoured Division fighting its way across the European continent after D-Day. Among a host of good films that have come out of World War II it ranks among the best. It is a British film and there are always either excellent or mediocre.

The Yellow Cab Man (QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA) brings back Red Skelton and as an entertaining comedian few are his equal today. Gloria DeHaven is the girl friend.

FINAL SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



ROXY BROADWAY

COMMENCING TO-MORROW

5 SHOWS AT 12.00 NOON, 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

THE J. ARTHUR RANK ORGANISATION PRESENTS "THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED" A TWO CITIES FILM

QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA AIR-CONDITIONED

SHOWING TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.15, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.



5 SHOWS TO-MORROW & MONDAY Extra Performance "THE YELLOW CAB MAN" QUEEN'S ALHAMBRA AT 12 NOON

SHOWING TO-DAY MAJESTIC AT 2.30, 5.20, 7.20 & 9.30 P.M.

SUNDAY EXTRA SHOW AT 12.00 NOON TARZAN'S NEWEST ADVENTURE!



ADDED! LATEST KOREAN WAR NEWS

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Take Any Eastern Tram Car or Happy Valley Bus Final Showing To-day: 2.30—5.30—7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

The Tough Guy from Movieland in His Latest Shock-paced Story Full of Action and Suspense!



COMMENCING TO-MORROW: "FRANCIS"

SPECIAL MORNING SHOW TO-MORROW AT 12.30 RETURN-ENGAGEMENT BY PUBLIC REQUEST! BUD & LOU in "KEEP 'EM FLYING" UNIVERSAL FILM.

American Column:

Welcome In Reverse

By C. V. R. THOMPSON

New York.
SIR Frank Newson-Smith, a former lord mayor of London, is not too popular with New Yorkers today.

He and other officials of Britain's Automobile Association have been looking over traffic conditions in some U.S. cities. And before sailing home Sir Frank had some tart comments on New York's traffic.

He called it "a bramble tangle." He called the bright sky signs "an extraordinary muddle." And he called the parking system "helter-skelter."

These observations New Yorkers did not mind. What they did not like was Sir Frank's suggestion for solving New York's problem—£100 fine or a three months' goal for parking in a busy street.

Car owners were already fuming because the city had raised the parking fine from 15s. to 25s. And this at a time when a garage, if one can be found at all, costs £21 a month, or as much as a two-roomed flat before the war.

CONTROLS are on their way back. President Truman hinted so today. The cost of living is rising too fast, he said, and he is working on some way of stopping it.

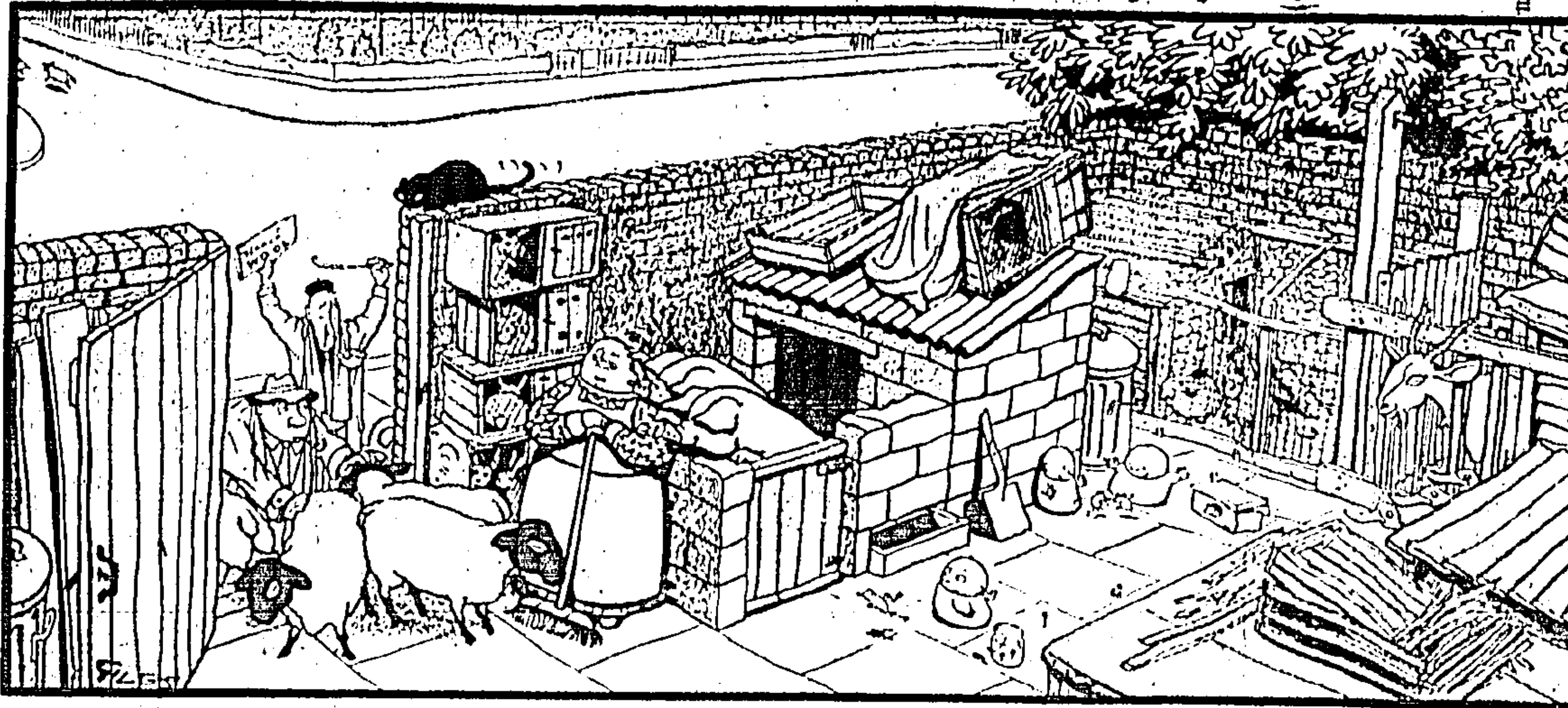
But no one expects controls this time on everything that Americans eat and use. He will probably start with a few items like steel and meat, and add others to the list if prices still rise.

FOR SALE: Singer Paul Robeson's country home in Connecticut (15 rooms, including one bathroom, five baths, a bowling alley, and a swimming pool). Robeson is moving nearer to New York.

STAR CAMPAIGNER for the Republicans in the coming Congressional elections will be Senator Joseph McCarthy, who has accused almost every Trumanite of being a Communist or a fellow-traveler. McCarthy will make nearly 60 speeches in constituencies where the contest is close.

QUOTE from a G.I. in Korea: "I only hope that whoever loses this war is forced to occupy this country."

GOING THE WHOLE HOG . . . by SLES



"I suppose if someone said elephants were going to be dearer we'd have a back-yard scheme for elephants."

London Express Service

Charles Foley goes to meet the good ship Sestroretsk

STOCKHOLM.

IN the dining-saloon of the good ship Sestroretsk, four days out of Leningrad, under a golden bust of Stalin, are discussed tonight the great questions of war and peace, and what—after Korea—the Russians mean to do.

The topic came in with the horseshoe—a steaming tureen of beetroot and cabbage soup which is the lifeblood of Russia, old or new.

It raged on through the dinner so that the delicious jam blint, the pancake that every Russian adores, grew cold and eddies with neglect.

The arguments swept the deck and crossed the glassy side with us accompanied by a my hotel, where the survivors hampered it all out over again with potted shrimps and aquavit to fortify them.

The Sestroretsk is a floating speech platform. In this ship there is a cross-section of travel characters—students returning from the Soviet "experiment," diplomats melting after the long Russian freeze, Russians, Finns, and, finally, the Belgian chef from our Moscow embassy.

Also aboard are five British people: Mr. Richard Jones, who bravely edited The British Ally in Moscow until it was squeezed out; his assistant, Mr. Harold Laycock; and Miss Mary King; the British Assistant Naval Attaché, Lieutenant Alford; and Mr. Laurence Kelly, son of our Ambassador to Russia.

On the plane out from London I had asked a lot of the sort of questions we are always asking about Russia. Now before me there is a sheaf of notes, scored and double-scored to remind me of the degree of

agreement on the answers I received. They fall into fairly obvious places.

War, of course, is top topic

1 What are the prospects of an early world war?

After an unusual pause, everyone said there would be no world war of Russia's contriving for at least three or four years.

And the reasons? Firstly, Russia is not ready for the gigantic effort it would need to destroy Britain and quell America.

Secondly, the mood of the Russian people is all for peace and the reconstruction of their shattered land.

Thirdly, the standard of the people's life, though improving, is still abysmally low. The ruin of the German war must be rebuilt. The people must be housed. Great industrial projects must be carried through.

All this must take priority over war, however tempting a defenceless Europe may look.

But eventually?

2 Is Russia preparing for eventual war?

No question of it. But, outwardly at least, for the identical reason that the West is rearming—to preserve the peace by being ready to meet (or to anticipate) any assault. Russia's peacetime economy is adjusted to take the strain of permanent semi-mobilisation.

Russia's labour and agricultural forces are regimented into shock brigades. Overtime in the Stakhanovite manner is popularly called "the peace watch." The peace watch could easily become the war watch. But not yet.

'He believes it'

3 How does Stalin's propaganda differ from Hitler's?—Hitler also claimed to be earnest?

The first difference is that Stalin probably believes it. If so, the fact brings little comfort; fear, as much as greed, may set alight the world.

The second difference is that Stalin has no equivalent for Hitler's Lebensraum demand. Again, the forgotten Russian people must be taken into account. The Russians' mouths do not water for foreign conquests.

The Russians love their own country, their own piece of earth. Even to get engineers to tend the new plants in the East, higher wages and bonuses must be offered.

The cheapest way

4 Does the Kremlin still want to Communise the world?

He likes the job well enough, but he really wants to be a farmer. So he has just bought some land and 800 sheep. Later he is going in for cattle.

"Farming is the life for me," he said. He has tried pretty well everything else. He was nine years at sea before joining the R.A.F. Hence "Sailor" Malan.

And what on earth became of Malan? You must remember the stuff. It was a cross between mutton and bacon and was going to make the British breakfast worth eating in wartime.

The Ministry of Food has had a man going through the files to find out its fate for me. He says it seems to have vanished without trace, and if you ever tasted any of it you'll probably agree that is the best thing that could have happened.

—(London Express Service.)

Of course, but Stalin has always tried to husband the lives and energies of his people. He wants to win always by the cheapest means—warfare would be the dearest—and he might lose.

Misrule before 1918

5 What is the mood of the Russian people?

Probably content. The masses have known nothing better and they are told every hour how brutally Russia was misruled before the Russian revolution, which few now remember.

The cost of food and drink is high, but has recently been brought down—a genuine drop of 25 percent.

Though rationing has been abolished, there are still queues everywhere: that is normal. The longest queue, two miles on Sunday, is for Lenin's Tomb.

The second longest is for milk. Russians do not dream that milk might be delivered. People are fairly well dressed in Moscow, but they consider soup and black bread an adequate diet—that is normal, too.

'Ruin on way'

6 What do the Russians make of the great re-armament programme by Britain and America?

The scale of projected rearmament in the West has been a shock. On the other hand, Russia believes it will lead us into astronomical expense, which must eventually bring the capitalist system down in ruin. This will open the way to world Communism.

The American atom bomb horrifies the Russians; they see some hope in British "modernisation."

No spies here

7 What is the real purpose of the Iron Curtain?

It protects both Russian industry and Communist ideas from foreign competition, which at this stage would be fatal.

It facilitates the task of telling the people what is good for them, and no more. This in addition to keeping out the spies, who would evaluate the true strength of Russia and deprive her of her master weapon—bluff.

Labour famine

8 What is the most striking aspect to a foreigner in Moscow today?



"It's either a tall, dark, handsome stranger with simply oodles of money, or a flyspeck—it's hard to tell which."

Lucky they lost this in the post by BILLY ROSE

THIS morning's batch of mail included the following from a man in Great Neck, Long Island. Dear Billy Rose,—

As you probably noticed in the papers on August 7, a boy named Henry Turrill found a sack of undelivered mail in the rear of a junked automobile on the outskirts of Great Neck. It consisted mostly of Christmas cards which had been mailed in December 1947.

Well, one of the pieces of mail was addressed to me—a letter from my wife, postmarked Cleveland, Ohio, and dated December 10, 1947. But what was in that letter won't make much sense to you unless I first tell you something about myself. Shortly after I was married in '44, the draft boards began taking anything with two legs, and after 10 months in Texas I was put on a boat and shipped off to that swamp called Okinawa. By the time I got there, the shooting was over, so I guess I was better off than most of the boys, but it was a dull and muddy sort of life, and I was pretty glad when I was shipped back and discharged in '47.

It was two days before Christmas when I arrived in Great Neck, and you can imagine how let down I felt when I found that my wife wasn't there waiting for me. Instead, there was a note on the table saying her mother wasn't feeling well, and she had gone to Cleveland. She'd be back in a few days—that is, if everything was all right.

This, of course, wasn't the homecoming I'd been figuring on, and I took it pretty hard. But realizing there was nothing I could do about it—her mother didn't even have a telephone—I sent her a Merry Christmas wire and told her to hurry back as soon as she could. It wasn't until after New Year's, however, that my wife showed up. That was in '47, and in the past three years a lot of nice things have happened to us—

son, a pretty good job, and most of the mortgage paid off on our house. None of which would have come about if the letter my wife sent me from Cleveland had arrived on schedule.

In it, you see, she confessed there had been another man while I'd been away—nobody she cared anything about, just someone who had happened along while she was lonely and miserable. She said if I didn't want her to come back to write and say so and she'd understand, but if she didn't hear from me she'd figure I had forgiven her and would return and try to make it up to me.

When the mailman handed me this three-year-old letter a couple of weeks ago, I wondered what the heck was in it, so I ripped it open and read it right there on the porch.

Chances are, had I gotten this letter when I was fresh out of the Army and plenty lumpy, I would have cussed my wife every dirty name and busted up our marriage—as fast as the law would allow.

★

But standing there on the porch I thought of the three good years we'd had together, and the thirty more maybe, coming up—not to mention the fact that I hadn't always been a saint myself. So, I put the letter in my pocket, and that night after work went to a jeweller's store and made a down-payment on one of those wristwatches with little red stones.

When I handed the present to my misus after dinner, she said: "What's this—Christmas in August?"

"Exactly, baby," I said, and then I told her I had finally gotten her letter, and how happy I was it had come thirty months late.

Since then we have talked a lot about this lucky accident, and today we decided there's a lesson in the story which might help a lot of other couples who feel like busting up their marriages the first time something goes wrong. If you run this letter in your column, we'd appreciate it, of course, if you didn't use our real names.

(World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service.)

Now whatever became of . . . ?

Continuing his researches into the stories of those names you remember . . .

by BERNARD WICKSTEED

OF the hundreds of thousands of pictures which came out of the Second World War one seems to have lingered particularly in people's memories.

It is the picture I am printing here.

"The Man Who Wept" was what many papers quite simply called it. Who the man was no one knew. But as the picture went round the world early in 1941 this grief-stricken Frenchman—watching a march-past of disbanded regiments after the capitulation—seemed to symbolise for all Allied countries the suffering of France under her misfortune.

The picture was taken in the streets of Marseilles.

And there Jerome Bazzotti—The Man Who Wept For France still lives.

He is in the textile business.

He lives in a comfortable villa on the Boulevard Hughes.

He hates photographers.

★

Well, it's a long trail from the Fall of France to Noah's Ark.

But while the search is on—whatever became of those people who were going to Mount Ararat to look for Noah's Ark? The leader of the expedition was Dr. Aaron Smith, of South Carolina, and he did actually go.

He spent two weeks roaming turo. He was taken off chess round the mountain last year, for two years, and sent to but didn't find anything re-school.

He is back now on a part-time basis, and this year—by now, of course—and he was won the Spanish championship going again this year, but he was by a narrow margin. He studies decided not to because Mount Ararat, which is in Turkey, is rather close to the Soviet border.

★

Now we'll go to Spain and chase up that boy chess champion who had all London talking in 1946. He was 14, and his name was Arturo Pomar. Remember?

He used to play 20 games at once with people twice his age, and when he lost his favourite set of chessmen in a taxi he had half the people in town out looking for them.

What does become of chess him in Kimberley. He is proud of it. People who think it can't be good for a child to Harry Oppenheimer, the diamond-millionaire, and drives to know that others came to ground in a sleek American car.



Nine years ago.

He likes the job well enough, but he really wants to be a farmer. So he has just bought some land and 800 sheep. Later he is going in for cattle.

"Farming is the life for me," he said. He has tried pretty well everything else. He was nine years at sea before joining the R.A.F. Hence "Sailor" Malan.

And what on earth became of Malan? You must remember the stuff. It was a cross between mutton and bacon and was going to make the British breakfast worth eating in wartime.

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—(London Express Service.)

I say these men are scared of women

VIRGINIA GRAHAM examines CLUBLAND



CLUBS—

the gathering of human beings as well as the weapons—have, it seems, existed since time was. Long before the Greeks had a word for them (whatever that may be) it appears that men had an irresistible urge to get away from women, and it is not improbable that the troglodyte male, having beaten his wife for giving him an underdone beefsteak, stamped out of the cave and went off to play a primitive game of snooker with his cronies.

In a new, well-appointed volume* the birth, growth and maturity of the club is traced and illustrated with contemporary drawings and photographs most felicitously.

But as a woman, and an unsociable woman at that, I find it hard to assess the benefits of club life.

★

There are, I know, women's clubs, and once, when I lived in the country I belonged to one myself, in London, so that in transit, as it were, I could find a resting-place for my luggage and a dignified cloakroom in which to wash my hands, an armchair between trains and a quiet, a dully quiet, cup of tea.

I never, to my knowledge, spoke to anyone and I don't believe any of the other women who were there drinking tea and

looking at the illustrated papers had ever spoken to anybody either. It was a matter of expediency rather than pleasure.

Men, however, assure me that in their clubs everybody is very sociable and that the interchange of ideas is extremely stimulating and revivifying.

I do not, though, believe it. I think they are willing to pay enormous entrance fees and huge annual subscriptions for the joy of being in a place which they know, short of an earthquake, cannot be penetrated by a woman. Being in a minority, this makes them feel safer.

★

COFFEE FIRST

I AM speaking, of course, of purposeless clubs, not clubs designed for cyclists or philatelists or hockey players but just for reclining on leather sofas with a whisky at the elbow.

Most of the big London clubs in St. James's Street and environs started as coffee houses where the literary lights, the Ben Jonsons, Boswells, Addisons and Drydens congregated to dispense wit and learning by such company.

Some coffee-house keepers, desiring to keep both habits and droppers in set aside a room for the former, and soon this became a fashion. From there it was an easy step to the formation of a club.

★

The first working men's clubs were started in England in the middle of the 19th century by a group of worthy persons imbued with the longing to elevate the morals of the poor.

Neither smoking nor drinking was allowed. Everything was organised splendidly, everything was done for the good of the man never went near them.

It wasn't so much that he couldn't drink or smoke, though this was bad enough, but that he didn't like being dictated to. He wanted to decide for himself, with his comrades, what should or should not be done in his club.

★

HIS PRIDE

THAT a man should take a pride in his club is only natural, for no one wishes to be associated with anything but the best, and in sporting clubs the spirit of competition is doubtless salutary.

Nevertheless you cannot expect a woman to regard men's clubs with, at the most, anything but benevolent detachment.

Knowing herself to be an admirable and attractive creature and knowing also that a sink tap, it can be nothing but a source of wonder and irritation to her that her man should so often find himself so frequently from the hearth.

★

—(London Express Service.)

We've got two divisions out on the Rhine manoeuvres here—and it made me wonder if you've ever guessed—

The Cost of One Tank Division

PADERBORN, Sept. 27. DUE to be staged here tomorrow as part of the Rhine Army joint land-air manoeuvres is a "battle" between the 2nd and the 7th Armoured Divisions.

Each will be operating on a front two or three times as wide as a commander would ideally wish; war "in the poor man's way"—when available strength is far too small.

It is only when you are out on exercises such as these that you are able to grasp the enormous complexities which are written off in War Office statistics as "One Division."

What does "One Division" mean—in terms of money for example? It is simple to say that a battle-ship costs so many millions. For there it is, anchored in front of you. At least you have some idea of what you are getting for your money.

But it's different with the Army.

A new division goes next March to join the two British divisions which now form the British Army of the Rhine.

It will be the 11th Armoured Division, and its equipment will cost £15,000,000.

Let's break that down a little. Most expensive item is the tank.

Centurion tank costs more than £30,000. And though the number of tanks is a secret, presumably there will be four regiments, three of them in this armoured brigade, and this would work out at between 200 and 250 fighting tanks.

Add to this more than 100 anti-aircraft guns, which cost almost as much as a tank. A towed 25-pounder field gun costs a mere £3,000, a 60mm anti-aircraft gun £5,000.

Weapons for the infantry brigade are much cheaper, apart from the anti-tank guns, which

cost nearly as much as the 25-pounder. Most complicated unit to mobilise and the slowest to train is probably the divisional signals regiment.

There are now nearly 2,000 radio sets in an armoured division. Opportunities for confusion on the air are almost unlimited.

ONCE equipped, a division costs another £10,000,000 a year to maintain in equipment and to accommodate its officers and men, nearly 10,000 of them, must then be paid. That means a yearly wage and allowances bill of £5,000,000 more.

They must be fed, at a cost of just under £2,000 a day.

When a division is in action or on major manoeuvres it can consume as much as 140 tons of petrol in a day.

It takes 16 14,000-ton troop ships and 30 freighters to move an armoured division by sea.

The commander of this costly new fighting formation—his name has not yet been announced, probably has still to be decided—will be a major-general.

In wartime it is not unusual to find an armoured divisional commander of 35.

In peacetime, when there are few plum jobs for two-star generals, he is usually ten years older, sometimes more.

The commander of the 11th Armoured will be paid £2,100 a year. This is not unduly generous for a man in charge of something far, far bigger than the Brahazon project.

Or to express it in terms of the Navy again...

When the Admiralty brings a new battleship or aircraft-carrier into service, the thing is done in style. Various stages, dockyard at various stages, attend the launching. A great company of dockyard workers take the vessel to their hearts.

A link is studiously forged between John Brown's workers on the Clyde and the

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battleship Vanguard, from which the Navy draws lasting benefits. But when the Army creates a new division, precious little attempt is made to interest the public. Even the name of the new 11th Armoured only leaked out, almost accidentally, from sources in Germany, not London.

This needs putting right. Such lack of imagination costs the Army good will and recruits.

Thousands of work-people in armament factories in the industrial Midlands must now be busy (if only they knew it) producing the tanks and guns for what will be Britain's newest division.

Why not tell them about it? —(London Express Service.)

By ROBERT JESSEL

PUBLIC SANDMAN No. 1

He had to happen in a city of push-button whimsy... by EVE PERRICK



Here he is, as he usually is, in the most unrelaxed country in the world. But the Americans never give up the fight against nervous tension. How can they? "Relax, relax, relax" is screamed at them the whole time.

The word "relaxation" has come to mean the joy of living. Moreover, if they cannot achieve this bliss by their own efforts (strangely enough, one seems to have thought that lack of effort might be the easiest way), then it will have to be done by machine.

And for the machine-made variety of relaxation there is always a ready market among the people who are by now convinced that there is nothing that cannot be done at the flick of a switch.

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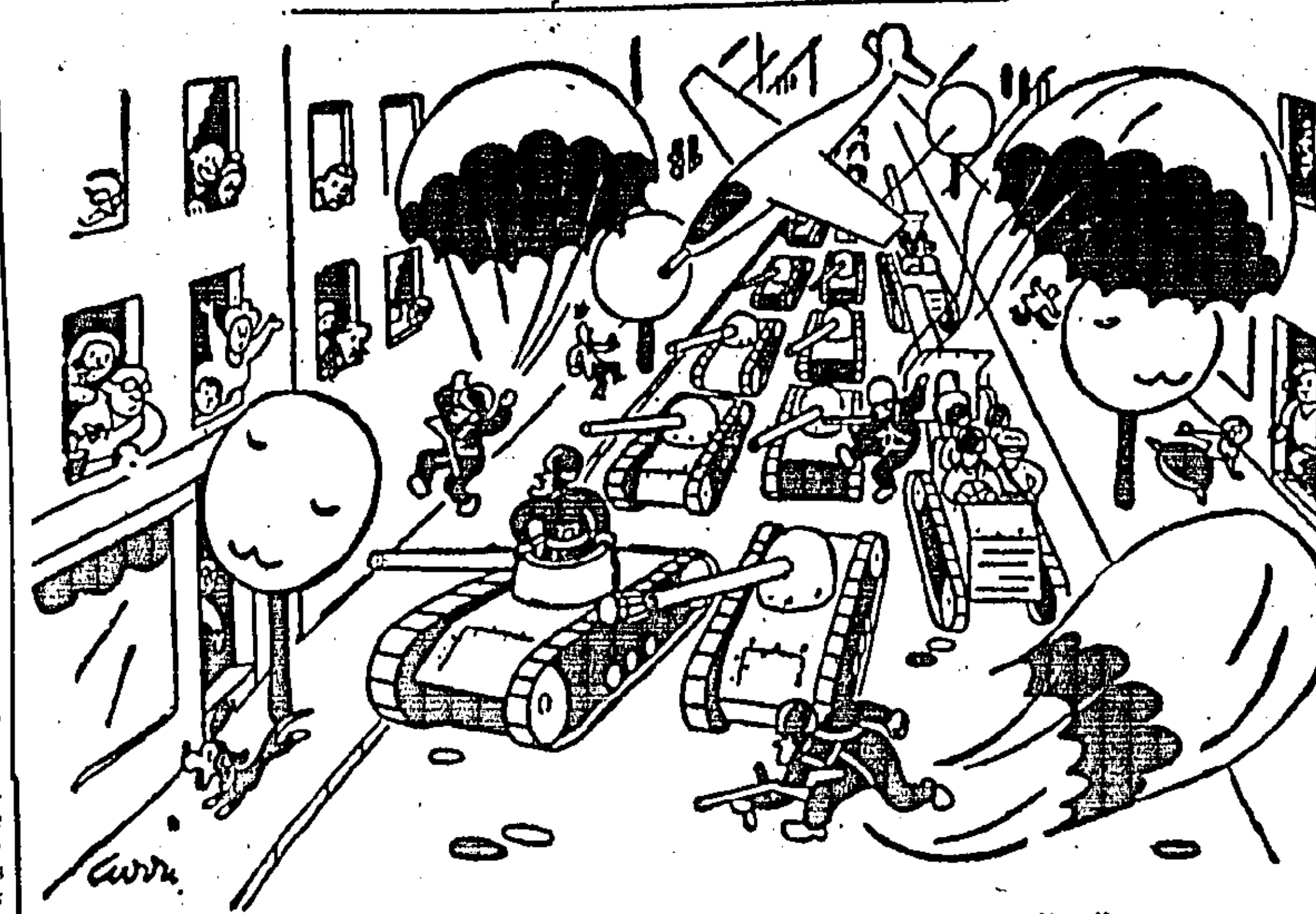
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GERMAN POLICE FORCE



"What's happening?"—"Our neighbour called the police."

(Addu in the Franc-Tireur, Paris)

MAPPING FROM THE SKY

By S. Gordon Collier

NOTHING is hidden from the air. The implications of this fact became only too well known in the last war, as they are today in Korea, where aerial reconnaissance is the eyes of the United Nations. Few people, however, realise the vital part which this same fact plays in the peaceful development of nations, where air photography provides much of the information on which the industrial development and land utilisation of entire countries can be based.

Among the pioneers in both defence and peaceful applications of this new science is the Central Photographic Establishment of the Royal Air Force at Benson, Oxfordshire, the base from which not so long ago the RAF Photographic Reconnaissance Unit photographed a great part of Europe for military purposes. The RAF's cartographers of the sky are participating in a mapping programme which will probably last from 20 to 30 years to complete—if their all-seeing lenses are not diverted outside Britain in the meantime.

Gay Colours

Largely because of the spread of cycling, the maps appeared in gay colours, and not until 1902 did the age-old custom of colouring them by hand finally cease.

First Task

Sponsor of this tremendous mapping programme is the Ordnance Survey, whose world-famous maps have been published for nearly 200 years. Before this, with some notable exceptions such as Saxton's map of 1569, the British had been backward in map-making, having learned much from the Flemings, the Dutch and the French.

After the 1745 rebellion in Scotland, however, the dread inspired by the clansmen became so great that one Colonel Watson was ordered in 1747 to begin a detailed survey of the Scottish Highlands on a scale of one inch to 1,000 yards for military purposes, and this was completed in 1766, mainly by Watson's clerk, William Roy. It was he who became one of the founders of the Ordnance Survey when it was established in 1791.

The first task undertaken by the Ordnance Survey—the triangulation of Britain and Ireland—took more than 50 years. The trialling, that is the determination of all heights so that areas could be represented accurately on a horizontal plane corresponding to mean sea level, took more than 60 years. But in 1853, the first edition of the now famous one-inch map of Britain was completed.

Huge Sums

Already at the command of Parliament, a map of Ireland on a scale of six inches to the mile had been published to help map the settlement of disputes between landlords. In Britain, the railway companies were spending huge sums of money

on the photographic records, and the tedious business of entering private property to obtain detailed information, while air photography actually eliminated the need for the 60-inch maps on the surveyor's preliminary ground tasks for which a chain was formerly used.

Correction

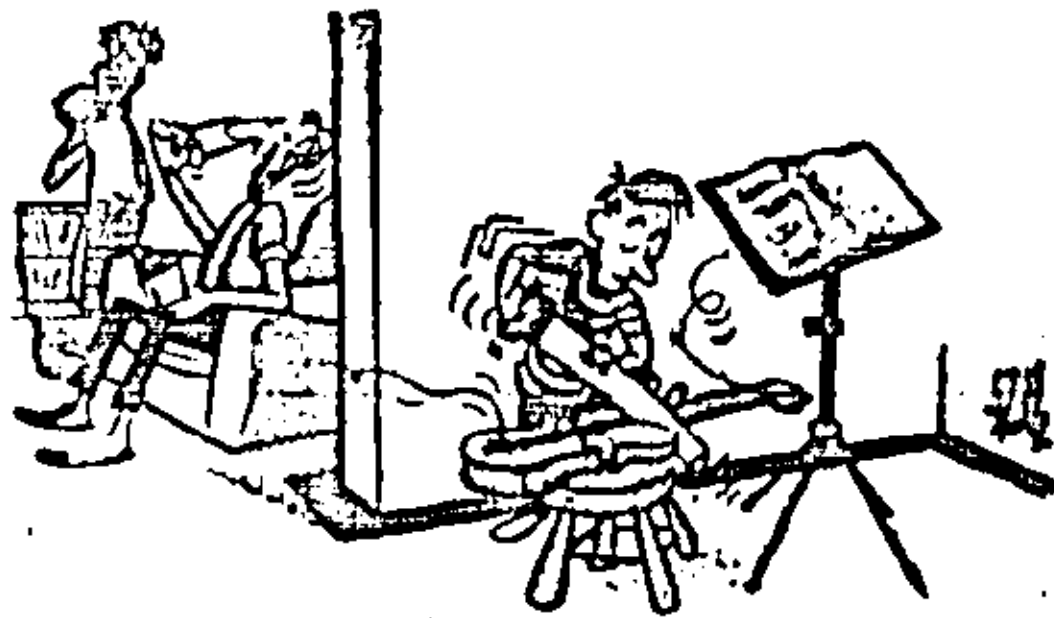
To overcome these obstacles, the RAF is using aircraft with camera names—above 9,000 feet Mosquitos, and Spitfires, below that Anson observation aircraft. Their crews are briefed for each mission in exactly the same way as bomber crews before an attack.

No flying task requires more accurate navigation than this, and the crews of the Ansons use the Decca Navigator to aid them—a radio system using chains of these stations are now being prepared to cover the whole country, and when they are complete pinpoint navigation will be possible over the whole of Britain's mainland and surrounding waters.

Credit Side

On the credit side, a contact society found a new husband for a woman with six children. In an attempt to put their house in order, Cupid agencies in Britain have formed a Marriage Bureau Association with its own code of professional rules. Yet few of the world's pen pal clubs have followed this example. "Friendship, not necessarily marriage" is their slogan. But it is sufficiently clear to the police that many outwardly respectable people do not stop at friendship!

There's money in it, too



"By George, the kid's impervious!"

ASTONISHING story of a concert club on the southwest fringe of London will come as a ray of hope to hundreds of communities in Britain where music lovers at present feel that they are doomed to receive their musical diet exclusively through a decorative grille.

And it may even put new heart into those commercial concert promoters whose activities are confined to waiting for some non-profit-making, money-losing organisation to invite them to organise a concert.

Club is Wimbledon Concert Club and the man behind it is Kenneth Tucker, who combines the functions of conductor of the orchestra, organiser of the club and its financial genius. He went to live in Wimbledon five years ago and found—to use his own words—"a town hall seating 1,400, used twice a year for the local choral society concerts. There was no chamber music, no orchestral music, no recitals."

SEATS—2s.

This I should say, is a typical musical picture of a hundred other places in Britain.

And from such unpromising material the Wimbledon Concert Club was created. Today charging only two pence for seats at their concerts—in, they maintain the Wimbledon Symphony Orchestra (which is well strengthened by professionals paid at the full union rate) and they have presented soloists of the calibre of Claudio Arrau, Cortot, Myra Hess. Their sole income is derived from the sale of tickets, about £400.

by MARIUS POPE

programmes and advertising space. And they remain completely immune to the heavy-handed help of the Arts Council, borough council, county or any of the other would-be culture boosters.

NO PASSENGERS

An examination of the club's last season activities, in which they made a profit of £350, should give a clue to their method. During the season they had three series of five concerts. In each series there was a star box-office attraction.

This idea was so well supported that last year the club were able to:

(a) Spend £750 on the orchestra, engaging professionals to play at concerts and also to attend each weekly rehearsal throughout the year.

(b) Tighten up orchestral discipline and dispense with passengers and sub-standard players;

(c) Forget such pot-bollers as the Tchaikovsky Piano Concerto, the Schubert Unfinished Beethoven's Fifth and ballet music;

(d) Give concrete encouragement to many young artists otherwise dependent on wealthy parents or the Arts Council.

£1000 TAKINGS

For the coming season in which, Poulshoff, Arrau, Thibaud, and other top-line soloists and ensembles are engaged, artists' fees for 15 concerts total £1,124. Other expenses, and

the man in particular excited her compassion. Though she was careful to tell him little of her affairs, she discovered that his parents had died when he was 39, leaving him "too late for marriage" but with a sizable fortune. The coincidence seemed like destiny itself, for all this had similarly happened to Mary Jane Minter.

When at last they met he was charming personified... and the long arm of coincidence stretched further. Before she could disclose her own birthday, Mary found he had been born in the same month—and in the same town.

When he diffidently invited her home to tea, Miss Minter's test doubts vanished. It was a beautiful house, furnished with taste and evident care. "I couldn't afford it," he explained,

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PEN PALS GAVE HIM HOUSE, CAR AND BANK ACCOUNT

MARY Jane Minter tricked herself the loneliest woman in Britain when an advertisement in a small local newspaper caught her eye.

"Why be lonely?" it invited. "Join our select pen pals group!"

Miss Minter readily paid 5 shillings a year subscription. No harm could come of writing to people, she thought. "Too late for marriage" but with a sizable fortune. The coincidence seemed like destiny itself, for all this had similarly happened to Mary Jane Minter.

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BRIDAL group outside St. Joseph's Church after the wedding last week of Mr. Norman Lionel Leonard and Miss Evelyn Joyce Macomber. Right: The groom helps the bride to cut the wedding cake during the reception given in the Hongkong Hotel. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

BELOW: Capt. Donald Inglis Cole, RA, and Capt. Joan Shirley Brooks, QARANC, whose wedding took place at St. Andrew's Church last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



RIGHT: MR. Leonard Wilson and Miss Muriel Dawn Ramsay leaving St. Andrew's Church after their wedding last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



AT the Nethersole Hospital bazaar last Saturday, Dr. Frank Ashton, the Superintendent, is here showing Lady Morso (third from right) round the stalls. Lady Morso opened the bazaar. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PART of the large attendance at the annual dinner of the Sino-British Club, which was held at the Cosmo Club last week. Right: Miss Josephine Henry and Mr. A. J. E. Luff entertaining the gathering. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

LEFT: Group photograph taken at the anniversary celebration of Tse H at Talbot House last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



SCENE from the comedy, "Fools Rush In," by Kenneth Horne, which was presented by the Garrison Players at the Missions to Seamen Theatre last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



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THE GOC-in-Chief, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Robert Mansorh (above at right), attended the reunion dinner of Burma Star veterans last week. On the left are two groups taken on the occasion. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

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The way to

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ON SALE EVERYWHERE

Once upon a time, a girl had clothes for all occasions and a set for Sundays. But now

Adaptability Is Keynote Of Top Modern Fashion

LONDON. ADAPTABILITY has long been the keynote of London and Paris fashion. Once upon a time a girl had clothes for all occasions, and a particular set for Sundays. She would have been appalled at the thought of a suit that turned into a cocktail dress, a cape that turned into an evening skirt, and a coat that did duty all day and evening as well.

Illustrated on this page is such a coat, from the Dorville collection. It is in beige alpaca, a material no longer to be associated with grand-mother's closet, and is edged with black braid. It is shown worn over a tucked dress in black rayon tulle, but is loose and light enough to wear over a suit or two-piece. It has no fastening, and falls in a simple line straight from the shoulders. It flows as gracefully over a ball-dress, or dinner gown, as it does over a tailored suit.

There is a great deal more sense and ingenuity in design than ever before. Prices have risen so steeply since the war that few girls can possess luxurious wardrobes, and most of them have learned to appreciate line and cut to a high degree.

Nothing is lovelier, on a warm day, than a "sheer" dress. We now talk of "sheers" to cover all dresses made of filmy materials such as nylon organza, chiffon, georgette, or tulle. One of the latest is a model from Spectator Sports.

Spectator showed a particularly lovely collection recently. The main features were full and belted coats, scarf effects, and draped necklines.

A style that we never expected to see again has reappeared with all the self-confidence in the world in a bottle-green coat, three-quarter length, belted over a tight skirt. It was trimmed with black Persian lamb, and had a Cossack type hat to match. The longer, flared basque somehow made the extremely short jackets seem all wrong.

Those who dislike the feeling of light tight sleeves welcomed a fine tweed blue and grey

dress with no sleeves at all. A blue corduroy jacket was worn over it. This is another trend rapidly gaining favour. Odd corduroy jackets in all colours manage to look casual and correct over slim-skirted dresses in toning shades.

This firm have often showed us ski-trousers, but this time they produced a startling pair in black velvet, light at the ankle, and braided with black silk. They were for lounging in the house, and if black velvet seems a little too extreme, perhaps you would prefer the same type trouser in caramel taffeta with big white spots all over?

If you want to be fashionable this season, wear your collar high. Many dresses and blouses had Chinese necklines, often braided in bright colours. A completely new high neck fastening on coats, dresses, and suits was made by scarf ends which crossed from the bodice and tied at the BACK of the neck, giving a smooth unbroken look in front.

"Flying Saucer" was the amusing name given to a plain black dress with wide fastening and hem completely edged with small circles of stiffened tulle, like a long black coil. "Rouge Fatale" described a scarlet jersey dress decorated with huge gold blazer buttons.

The more we see of three-quarter belted coats, trimmed with fur, the more we remember the Russian influence that crept into clothes about 1945 and '46. We almost expected to see high boots worn, too.

No matter what the current dictates of fashion, black is never wrong, and this season there is a great deal of it about. When a colour is combined with it, a brilliant one is usually chosen. "Apache" was a black dress with a crimson velvet scarf threaded through the collar and draped into the side hem. The matching hat had a black fur brim.

A long-sleeved beige tweed dress fastened down one side, had a very large detachable collar, which could be neatly tucked into the waistband.

There is a return to the graceful spiral skirt, and many dresses had cross-over skirts which give a slim silhouette. Others had a new cross drape



Printed organza dress adds crispness to this sheer afternoon dress which buttons from neck to hem, with deep revers and small sleeves and a generously cut skirt. (From Spectator Sports)

on light skirts. Wool jersey dresses with adaptable necklines that can be draped in different ways are useful. "Majestic" is a black dress of this type. The neckline could be off one shoulder, or off both. It could be stretched to form a high neck, or stretched even further until it made a cover for the head.

Coats were original. Most lavish of all was "Madrid"—a black coat embroidered all over with fine braid designs and lined with brilliant emerald green. "Vice Versa" was the appropriate name given to a reversible style in black velvet and black tulle face cloth. Tuxedo revers and turn-back cuffs of the reverse material showed.

Instead of a straight side fastening, one coat fastened with three enormous scalloped, an idea copied also on some dresses.

To help women choose their clothes more easily, many new departments have opened in London shops. A "Trousseau Room" arranges everything for the bride-to-be, from the wedding morning to the last day of her honeymoon. Even the catering can be organised here.

Exact copies of French original models can be bought in the "French Room" as well as high grade British model clothes.

Debutante Bars, Teen-Age Salons, Junior Shops and Economy Corners are a few more of the sub-divisions to be found in other department stores. One large store shows a collection twice daily at a restaurant within the store itself. Other shops have held fashion shows exclusively for members of their staff, to encourage good salesmanship and real interest in the job of dressing a prospective buyer suitably.

How to 'Steal' in a Stole



If you can't have mine—steal the scene with a stole.

BECAUSE, made of fabric, it is more fun than fur, and is within the pocket of every woman. It is eye-catching and has an air of casual elegance. You can express yourself in the way you wear it—flung dramatically or swathed gracefully.

It can be worn with any costume, any time of the day or the evening. It is just what

most women need to wear with a suit between now and winter.

BECAUSE made of tartan it electrifies a plain black dress. In the same material as your suit lined with a strong colour it looks as handsome and feels as warm as a fur. For evening, in black or jewel-coloured velvet it dresses up bare shoulders in the most flattering way.

BECAUSE the shape is as straight as a ruler, it is the simplest thing in the world to make. It can be as wide as you like, and as long as you can cleverly manage (most are about half a yard wide and a yard and a half long). Provided it is worn with an air, and not clutched around the shoulders like a shawl, it is very youthful-looking, and nothing could be better for the could-be-better figure than this floating, uneven, disguising drape.

FOR ANY OR ALL OF THESE REASONS, why not make yourself the three drawn above.

(A) Double Scotch for plain black frock is a bold, bright tartan stole, and the same tartan lining a big black velvet hat.

(B) Nightlife stole of satin or velvet has sparkling embroidery and a pocket in one corner to save carrying a hand-bag.

(C) Today's smart fur is made of tweed to match the suit. The velvet ribbon round the cap is the colour of the stole's lining.

—Phyllis Digby-Morton
(London Express Service)

Treatment For Premature Wrinkles

By HELEN FOLLETT

AMONG the distressed women who stand at beauty's wailing wall are those who observe signs of premature wrinkles. They have not attended faithfully to their beauty duties or they have not exercised continual control otherwise they would not be confronted with these omens that cause a sinking of the heart.

One cannot start too early to keep the tissues of the face in normal condition so they won't soften and sag, leaving the skin too ample a covering, so that it falls into tiny furrows. You have to fight these good looks greifs before you get them, save an eye on the future. Your best ammunition is a large jar of heavy cream that is of such consistency that it will resist the manipulations of the fingers so they can press deeply into the underlying fibres.

Blood Streams

Correct massage will act favourably upon the blood streams that bring nourishment to every little cell. sluggish circulation can be responsible for pallor, coarse skin, impaired tissues.

Spread the emollient on your neck, so you will not overlook it. Neck care now recovers the cure to which they were not entitled. If they don't get it, they get even with you. Fiddle strings appear.

Rub up and down with flattened fingers. Press along the jaw line, starting at the chin tip, working toward the ear lobes.

When applying the cream to your cheeks, be careful not to force the flesh up around the eyes. You can do small circles, avoiding pressure where the flesh is soft and delicate.

Place the fingers of both hands in the centre of your forehead. As one group goes up, the other group should go down, both of them moving from one side of the forehead to the other. This is a favourite movement of beauty operators, especially effective for treatment of little railway tracks that run crosswise on the forehead.

Finish with a brisk tapping. Do five-finger exercises over the entire facial area. While the cream remains on have an ice friction.

Reminder: Make war on premature wrinkles while you are still in your twenties. Constant creaming will keep your skin supple. Follow cream with astringent.



A dictionary of fragrance

A FEW QUOTES
from the dictionary of
fragrances:

BERGAMOT: Perfume yielding, non-edible, pear shaped citrus fruit grown in Sicily. Fresh, sweet scent obtained from the rind of the fruit. Important in colognes and perfume.

CARNATION: Cultivated in the south of France. Oil extracted with volatile solvents. Clove-like scent easily duplicated through synthetics. Oils of black pepper or pimento also used to reproduce the carnation odour.

CHYPRE: In French the island of Cyprus is called Chypre. The name first given to a perfume in the fourteenth century. Today's versions vary, but at least two dozen ingredients go into this fragrance, generally of a heavy, clinging type. Basic ingredients include patchouli, oakmoss, vetiver and sandal.

FERN: Odour suggests oakmoss and patchouli.

GARDENIA: Heavy... rarely if ever contains natural oil of gardenia. Based on blends of other flower oils and synthetics.

HELIOTROPE: Natural perfume of the flower is rarely used. Most heliotrope perfumes are based on synthetics, two of the important being heliotropin and vanillin.

HYACINTH: Only small amounts of natural perfume are available... the finest perfumes combine natural flower oils and synthetics.

JASMINE: One of the most cherished fragrances in the perfume world. Jasmín oil cannot be exactly reproduced synthetically. It is extracted from the flower, but a jasmín perfume requires the utmost artistry, a complex formula.

LA VENDER: Member of the mint family. Most used in perfumery is grown in the south of France. However, English-grown lavender is sought after for its superb fragrance.

LIAC: Very expensive to produce even small quantities of the real oil. Many of today's lilac fragrances are a combination of synthetics plus a certain amount of ylang ylang, rose, etc.

LYE OF THE VALLEY: Higher priced fragrances use some real lily of the valley or jasmín oil. Rose oil, too, is of utmost importance as are the oils of the ylang ylang and orange blossoms. Synthetics widely used, also.

NEW SHOWN HAY: Perfumes of this type have an extremely fresh odour, with a suggestion of clover, fern and even lavender.

ORANGE BLOSSOM: Blossoms from both sweet and bitter orange trees are used in perfumery, although finer aroma is obtained from blossoms of the latter.

ORRIS ROOT: Oil is extracted from the root of the iris plant. Fragrance resembles violets.

ROSE: There is some rose oil in most fine perfumes, frequently in such small quantity few noses can detect it. It gives depth and richness wherever it appears.

VANILLA: Member of the orchid family. Vanilla, imported from the perfume and sachet, is found in the beans of the plant. Often synthetics are used.

VIOLET: Actual oil of violet is very costly. Finest violet perfumes are created with a tiny amount of real violet oil, synthetics and other fragrances.

Always In Vogue

THERE'S ONE THING about investing in pearls—real, cultured or good "fakes"—they're always in fashion.

This year there are wonderful big baroque ones punctuated with rhinestones set right into the pearls themselves. Sometimes pearls are mixed with crystals, sometimes with jet, sometimes with tortoise.

But the ones which look the newest are those which have important "clasp," beautiful enough to wear right out in front because they are made of colourful cabochon stones, ruby-red hearts, baroque with rhinestones or coloured crystals.

For the woman who prefers her pearls "dimply" beautiful, there are some exceptionally fine simulated ones, many of which have dainty clasps of a single colourful stone such as quartz, tourmaline or amethyst.

PRACTICAL HOMECRAFT

Which face would you like?



ELEGANCE versus PRETTINESS

There is one woman all women would secretly like to be. The epitome of chic and ease, she stands out from the crowd (meaning, of course, other women) and looks wonderful whatever she wears.

She is spoken of as "That elegant Mrs. So and So." She is not popular, for the elegant woman is definitely not liked by other women.

What is elegance? It must never be confused with smartness for the two have nothing in



common. Elegance demands flair, judgment, confidence. It is a rare achievement which, apart from a certain self-satisfaction, pays surprisingly few dividends.

It requires an overtime effort in all sorts of directions, and at least three natural gifts—a trim, slender figure, tremendous poise, and a gift for wearing clothes that no matter how cheap in price look expensive and distinctive. Good looks are totally unnecessary. Irregular, but striking features and a sleek coiffure are. Real elegance is to be found more often among French and American women than British, partly because British women seldom have dress sense, and partly because they are frightened to death to frighten men.

And prettiness? Prettiness, particularly the fluffy kind, is totally at variance with elegance. A good figure is not essential. Ritz features, softly curled hair, and a rounded figure are.

Pretty women can always be popular. Men go after them. Even other women like them, because it is easy to be condescending about them: "She's a pretty little thing" conveys a world of disparagement.

Try to be condescending about an elegant woman in the same way!

With a little trouble there is no reason in the world why a girl of ordinary charms can't look devastatingly pretty. The only drawback is—it is a field in which there is a lot more competition.

John French here illustrates the point with two photographs. Well—which face would you like to be yours?

—(London Express Service)

Spectacles Are More Than Functional

By BARBARA BANCROFT

NOW THAT spectacles are as decorative as costume jewellery, a spectacle wardrobe is as natural as make-up or much sense as a variety of rings, or bracelets or earrings.

Now there are frames with detachable lenses—one way of cutting the eye-wear budget in half. The lenses snap in and out. Wear your dark glasses whenever you need them, and tuck the extra pair of clear

lenses into your purse. They take up little space.

These detachable lenses may be had in a variety of frames, some of them two-toned for greater versatility.

Depends on type

Cocktail and evening glasses are sophisticated and sweet, depending on you and your type. There are black or pastel frames dotted with rhinestones, and black rims with solid green or white rhinestone temples.

Massive gold frames with half-inch-wide temples are shown with matching jewellery. Sterling silver frames are shown with street clothes, and also with cocktail dresses and evening wear.

Gold and silver flecked spectacles catch each ray of light and send it dancing. Gold nail-heads seem an indispensable part of the professional model's ensemble.

Match colours

In the colour field, spectacles are planned to match or complement the high fashion colours. You'll find them in leste, in pastel or deep tones.

A conservative spectacle wardrobe now includes two pairs of glasses for general daywear (in different colours and designs), one pair of play frames and at least one pair of high fashion glasses for cocktail or evening.

WHEN / DESIGNER by the name of Allan Sanders dreamed up the revolutionary Harlequin glasses, with their "up-sweep" lens—slanting upwards—towards the temple edges—the conservative raised their eyebrows and looked down their noses.

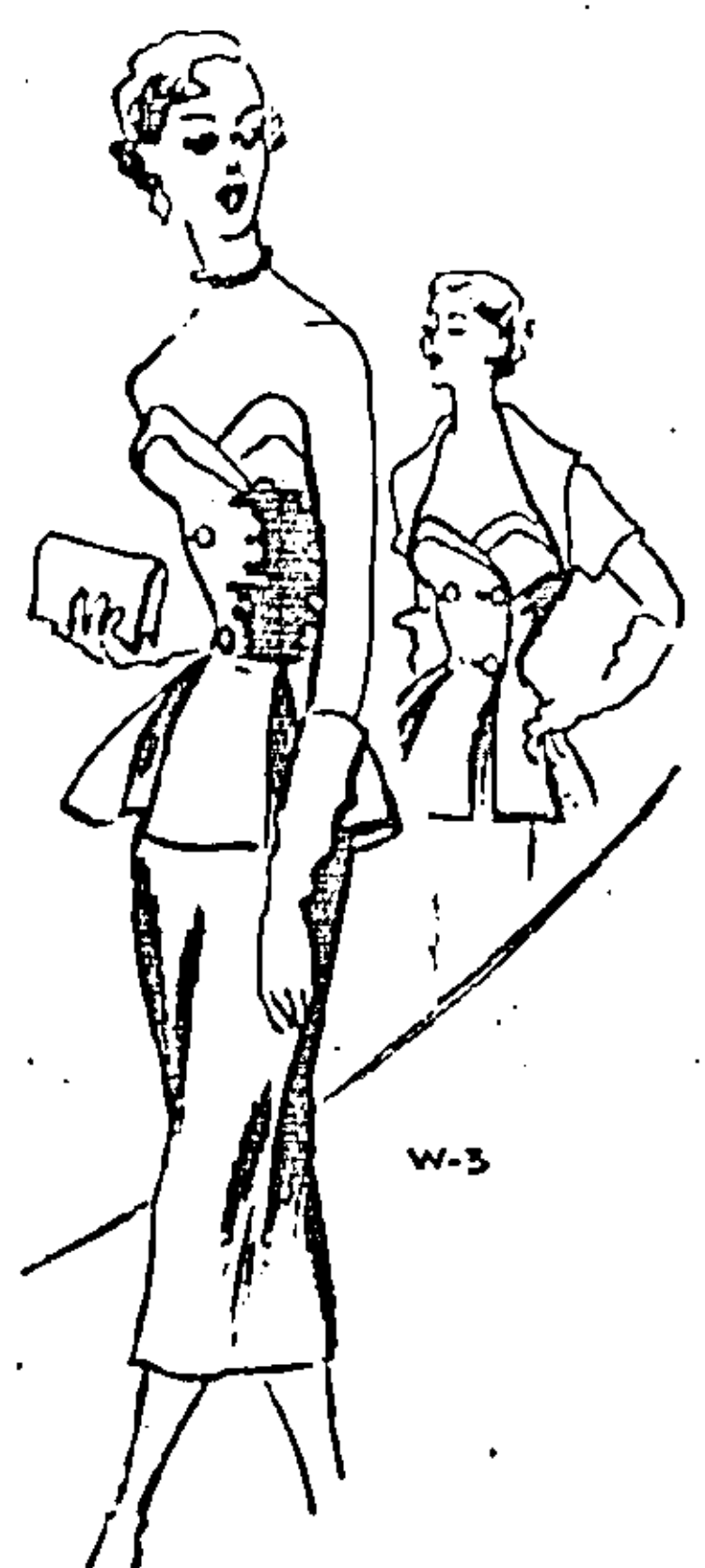
"Of course," they said, "they'll NEVER be accepted for general use!"

That was the first revolution in the history of eyewear styles, and it was bloodless, but bitter.

After that—with only a few diehards left to chip for the old style rimless eyeglasses with round, or nearly round lenses, the good work went on.

The Harlequin, or modified Harlequin, is still the most flattering shape for many facial structures. New shapes and flattering colour and decor have been developed in each succeeding season.

Handsome Costume



Bare-top dress with jacket.

By Vera Winston

Satin line of texture, sleek of surface, a beautiful shade of violet is used for this cocktail costume. The bare-top dress is lightly boned beneath the cuffed décolletage. Double-breasted and fitted at bodice it breathes into a peplum with two box-pleats front and back. The under skirt is pencil slim. With the dress is a bit of a jacket that just manages to cover the shoulders, and has a collar and tiny sleeves.

Your Sewing Scrapbook

by Mary Brooks Picken

Ribbon Does It—Smart Touches



Fold 10" strip in half crosswise. Bring ends into centre and stitch edges, as shown at A.

Insert sachet into each end of bow. Stitch across each end near centre to hold bows.

Bring ends of 12" strip together same as for 10" strip, as in B. Fasten ends of this together with stitches back of first bow. Fasten centre of 13" strip back of this 12" strip, ends loose, as at C.

Overcast Raw Edges

With overcasting stitches draw raw edges of 1" strip together, thus holding securely all three pieces at centre, as at D. Sew safety pin over joining of this 1" piece.

Pull ends of 13" piece down and your bow is ready for wearing.

Set requires 6 snap fasteners and is most reasonable in cost considering the wear and dressed-upness it can give you.

Pleated Collar and Cuff Set: Cut your 2 yds. of ribbon in 3 pieces—two 14-yd. lengths for two cuffs, one 1-yd. length for the collar. Hem the six raw crosswise ends.

Begin to Pleat

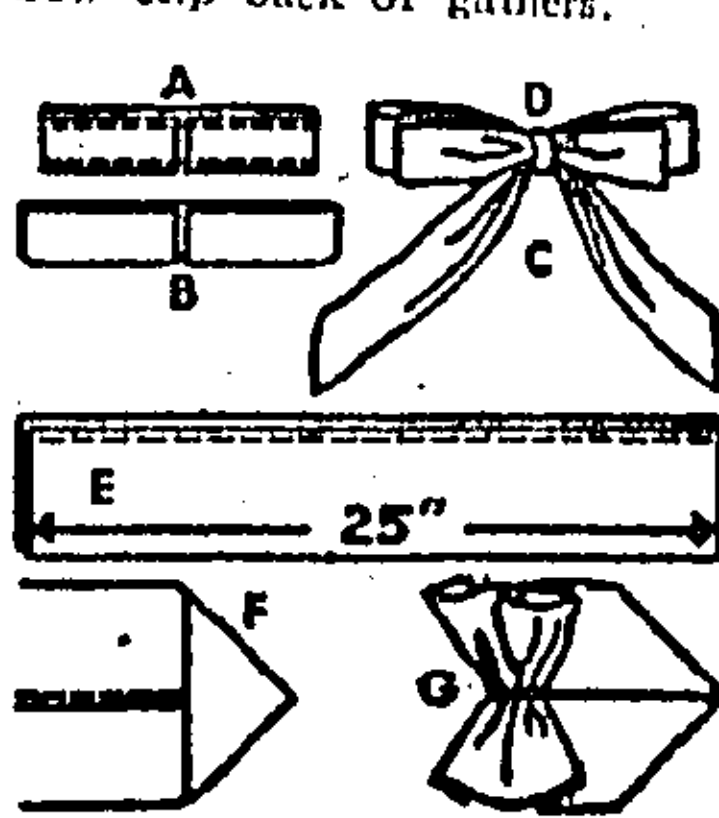
Begin at one end to pleat. Make pleats 1/4" deep and 1/2" apart. Pin or baste, then press these. Stitch pleats to place 1/2" from edge on both collar and cuffs. Remove fastenings.

Sew two snap fasteners to each for closing, one at stitching line, other at other end. If desired, a narrow velvet ribbon may be tacked over stitching line and tied in a bow at each closing.

Sachet Bows: A favoured trick is to put sachet in your dress decorations. For example, this bow has a little piece of cotton wrapped around two teaspoonfuls of sachet and actually enclosed inside each end of top ribbon bow.

Ribbon and Safety Pin

You need for this 1 yd. of 1 1/2" striped taffeta ribbon and a safety pin about 1" long. Cut ribbon into four pieces, one 1", one 10", one 12", one 13".



MONDAY: PLEATED SKIRT—FOR CHILD OR ADULT.

FURNISHING The NURSERY

IT'S all very nice, to talk about special nursery furniture and all. But what happens when the budget is limited, the space equally so, and the quarters temporary? Well, if there is one room in the house that can take gracefully and well to discarded pieces and simple, quite inexpensive accessories, that room is the nursery. And doing over all pieces, integrating them into one nice, harmonious group is fun, and a project in which both parents-to-be can share.

Prettifying

White or pink or blue paint with some pretty motifs tie up that little

By ELEANOR ROSS

cabinet, that crib, that chest of drawers. Painted pieces are easy to wash, and to keep clean. And ingenuity, plus budget-watching offer fine incentives to all sorts of practical notions such as that of turning a second-hand ten-wagon into a handy and useful table for baby's tub. The lower shelves hold towels, powder, etc.

As for drapes, colourful cottons or pretty plastics are usually good and bring nice, colour into the room. Checks and plaids are good and add a bit of stronger colour to the conventional white, pale blue or pale pink. While the cottons look ever so crisp and launder easily, we think that plastic fabrics do have the edge. They are so easily kept clean and dust free, a swipe with the well-known damp rag takes care of that in jiffy fashion. Colourful stripes, plaids and other patterns are available, and there is a wide choice of colour combinations. With extra yardage for cushions and upholstery, and perhaps table covers, here's one laundering and cleaning problem smartly reduced.

Have plenty of hanging shelves for placing things out of the way and out of baby's reach. Limit accessories, for there are mostly dust-catchers, and have a closed cabinet or drawer in which to place baby's toys to keep them as clean as possible.

Floor Covering

Linoleum is the best floor covering, since it takes stain and water splashes in its stride and is easily kept clean and attractive looking.

One of those folding luggage racks is an excellent investment. Placed near the door, it is the ideal place on which to quickly dump towels, clothes, linens, etc.

Shipshape Figure

"I used to have a shipshape figure. But I developed an enlarged keel."

Members' mutual aid doesn't stop, however, after the meeting. They give each other pep talks when they get the urge to topple off the dry toast wagon.

The over-tempted, Fatty calls another member for a psychological pick-up, a system they say has backed away poundage and inches from their outside measurements.

Many of the determined reducers admit they joined in hopes of trimming their hips to snare a man. But many dreams they may have of a shortcut by way of finding a similarly afflicted male already in the club have failed to come true thus far.

"We'd like to have a few men members," Miss 281 says. "But somehow none ever joins."



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MR Li Tso-fong, well-known banker, who celebrated his sixtieth birthday last Saturday, with Mrs Li and their six sons and daughters-in-law. (Ming Yuen)



PICTURE of Mr and Mrs Stephen Howe taken after their wedding recently at St John's Cathedral. (Francis Wu)



MR and Mrs John William Chuo with their attendants after their wedding at the Baptist Church. The bride was formerly Miss Annabelle Mao. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)

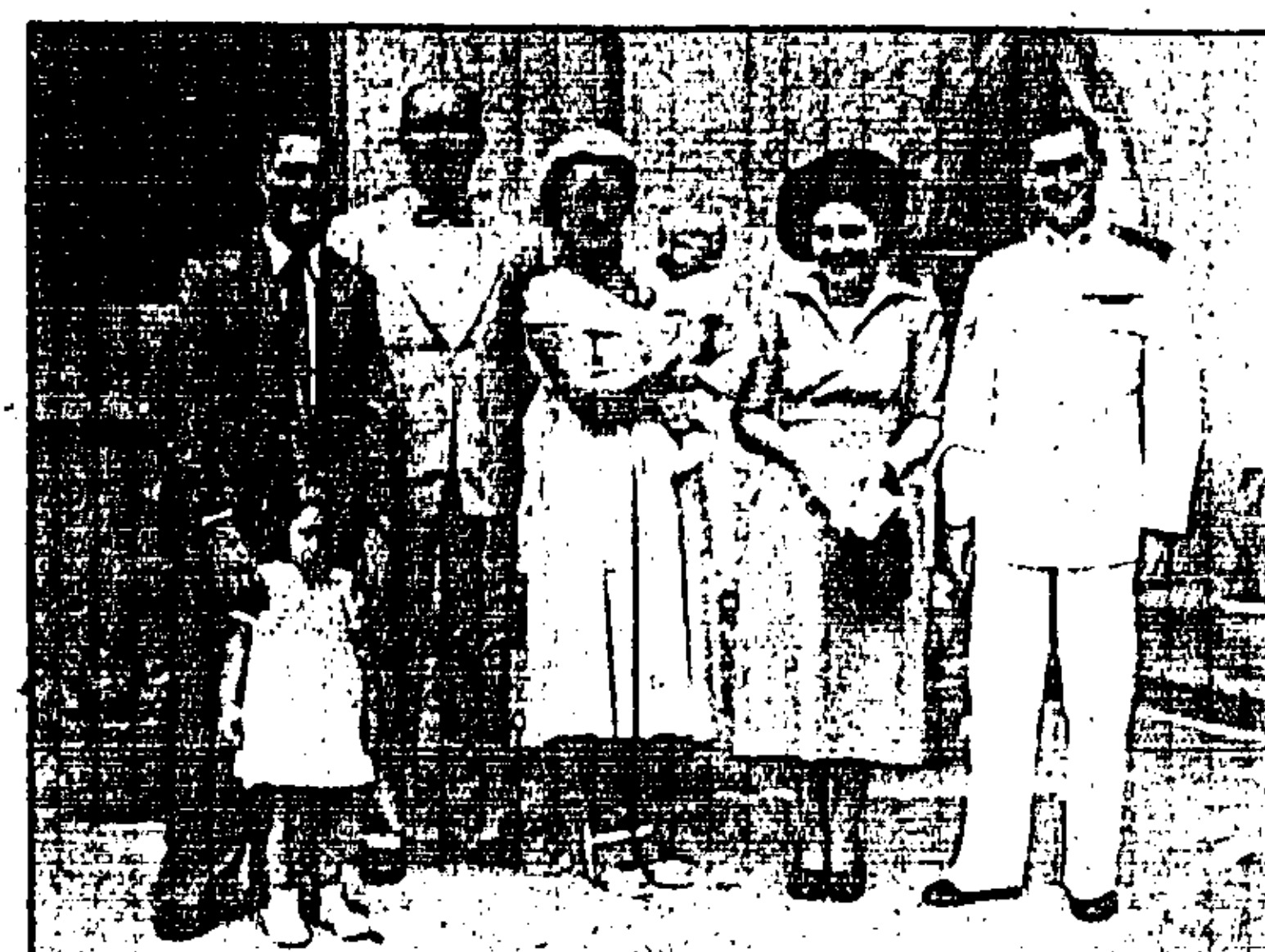


THE 4th Hongkong Pack, who won the Wolf Cubs annual swimming championship at the Victoria Barracks pool last Saturday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP outside the Pioneer Memorial Church last week after the wedding of Mr Joseph Mcifoung Sze and Miss Quinetta Wang. (Peter Tse)

BRIDAL group taken after the wedding of Mr Kenneth Andrew Miller and Miss Margaret Knowles at St Andrew's Church last week. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



PICTURE taken on the occasion of the christening of Michael William, son of Sgt and Mrs W. Nash, at St John's Cathedral last Sunday. (Ming Yuen)



THE Darling Twins, popular Manila child entertainers, congratulating Mr and Mrs Eduardo Carmo Lizola Rocha on their silver wedding. (Francis Wu)



MR Flavio Norberto Vaz da Luz and his bride, formerly Miss Theresia Maria Yvonovich. They were married at St Teresa's Church on Wednesday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



MR Fong Zung-yih and Miss Nancy Lee photographed at a party given at the Peninsula Hotel at which their engagement was announced. (Francis Wu)



LEFT: Friends toasting Mr David Austin Chapman and Miss Josephine Frances Ledbury (on the right) on the occasion of their marriage last Sunday. (Telegraph Staff Photographer)



GROUP photograph taken at Repulse Bay last week when the Hongkong Women's International Club organised a moonlight picnic for the Services. (Jimmy Foo)

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Why not try making peace instead of threatening war?

WHERE is the foreign policy of Mr. Bevin leading us? To greater security or to less? To a soothing of international rancours or the inflaming of them? To a greater risk of war or to a richer prospect of peace?

These are questions upon which hang the lives of millions.

Two vital decisions have been taken in the last fortnight.

(1) Mr. Bevin and his fellow Foreign Ministers have agreed on behalf of their Governments that any attack made upon Western Germany will automatically bring us in.

(2) Mr. Bevin and his colleagues at home have begun the rearming of Britain.

The Only Steps?

NOW there is a good case to be made for both decisions. They seem to promise greater security at a time when we are not feeling too secure. They seem logical and proper steps to take.

But are they the only steps we can take? Are they even the best steps?

Is it possible that we are being misled into accepting rearmament as the only possible policy likely to prevent war? For, of course, it isn't. Indeed, if we come to consider it the only policy open to us, then we may well find ourselves in an even more dangerous situation than we are in at present.

Rearming is as liable to bring grimmer insecurity as it is to give us greater security. It will not allay international tension. On the contrary, it will almost certainly increase it.

Wild Talking

THERE are already far too many people on both sides of the Atlantic talking wildly about taking the initiative in opening the war they regard as inevitable by throwing atom bombs on Russia.

And there are probably just as many wild men in Russia talking similarly about us.

As rearmament heats up the international tempera-

ture, that sort of talk will spread and develop. As it spreads, cool, dispassionate thinking will become less and less acceptable. And the day will come when one side or another will be forced into a wild, insane decision. That is how wars begin.

Could a better British policy be found? And what should it be? A measure of rearmament for defence certainly, for we must at all times be able to beat off sudden attack.

Certainly, too, some effort must be made to make the countries of Western Europe much more able—and willing—to defend themselves than they are today.

But the very foundation of our policy should surely be a bold, energetic, ceaseless campaign to restore unity and understanding between the warring nations. For that is far more important than rearmament.

To Pacify Them

OUR danger lies in the growing antagonisms between nations. Surely it should be our overriding policy as a nation to smooth down those antagonisms.

To smooth down them—human endeavour can surely do it if that is made its purpose—to the point when they are finally swept away.

Yet with every step we take to increase our strength, we talk more and more of war, and less and less of the preservation of peace. Isn't that rather foolish?

Far too many people today regard war as inevitable. And unfortunately far too many of the leaders on both sides of the Atlantic encourage them in that view.

But it is a false view. A deplorable, defeatist and dangerous view. And it is not checked if it can bring catastrophe upon us.

War is not inevitable. It never is inevitable. It is made by the mistakes and follies of men.

All antagonisms can be reconciled, even the antagonisms shaking the world today. And it should become our supreme policy as well as our highest duty to see that they are reconciled before the bombs begin to fall.

The warmongers picture Russia as a powerful wolf crouched ready to spring upon us and devour us. They are spreading across the Western world the story that she has armies "vaster than the world has ever known before. That she stands ready to hurt at us a staggering strength in war machines.

They declare that she plans the military conquest of the world.

by
JOHN GORDON

Most of that propaganda will prove to be nonsense when sanity returns to us. There is very little evidence that Russia has any desire to conquer the world in a military sense.

Stalin's Desire

ONLY recently Mr. Averell Harriman, of America, whose knowledge of Russia and Stalin is probably greater and more intimate than that of any other man playing a part in Western diplomacy today, expressed his strong doubt that Stalin desired or would start a world war.

No doubt Russia's leaders wish ardently to spread Communism across the world. But that cannot be done by force of arms.

And whatever effective counter there may be to Communism, it is certainly not rearmament either here or on the Continent. Housing, cheaper living, less burdensome taxation, a wider spreading of happiness would be much more effective.

The danger of war lies in the fact that the Russians are in a state of terror.

There is plenty of evidence to justify the assertion that they do not want war, and that they fear war. For they know well enough that their punishment in war would be terrible.

It is that fear which is forcing them into wild decisions, unreasoning decisions. We made our policy the removing of that fear rather than relying merely on rearmament.

Of course, it would be absurd to underestimate the task of dispelling such fear. The Russian mind is a difficult one to understand. The terror fixation is firmly implanted in it.

To remove it will be a long, difficult, dangerous and at times maybe a disheartening business.

For Us To Lead

BUT if we are to preserve the peace of the world and the lives and homes of millions, it is the supreme task to which we must set ourselves. A task in which Britain should take the leadership—by herself if necessary if she cannot for the present carry all her allies with her.

We ought to begin to have a foreign policy of our own again. Perhaps when Mr. Bevin retires soon—as is forecast—we may move in that direction.

For we are a great people with an incomparable record in world leadership and we could, by the wisdom of our actions over the next few years save the peace of the world.

Churchill pointed the path we should begin to tread when he called for the reopening of

personal talks between the leaders of Britain and America and Stalin.

His suggestion was brusquely brushed aside by Attlee, Bevin, and Truman whose hands are on the tiller at this moment. That may prove to have been a grave and most unstatesmanlike action on their part.

To Conquer Fear

FOR it is only by such concrete facts that the leaders of Russia will ever be brought to realise that their fears are groundless.

And though they may for long spurn any advances we make, nevertheless it is our duty in the cause of humanity to keep on trying, whatever the difficulties, until some progress is made.

Let us realise that to drive fear out of the world immense efforts will have to be made, not merely by Governments, but also by the peoples who bend Governments to their will.

This is a time which calls for statesmanship of the highest wisdom. But, alas, it is also a time when statesmanship has sunk to a very low level. If, indeed, it exists at all.

(London Express Service)

Home sweet home

By DON TAYLOR

FROM all over the Empire, the Speakers of Dominion Parliaments and Colonial Legislative Councils are converging on London.

On October 26 these distinguished visitors will be guests of honour when the new House of Commons Chamber is opened.

Remember those dark and dangerous days, way back in 1941, when our fortunes seemed at the lowest ebb? Greece was being overrun. We were being hammered in the Western Desert. Iraq was aflame.

THEIR GIFTS

It seemed the crowning blow when, on the night of May 10, a German bomb destroyed the very meeting place of the House of Commons itself.

The opening of the new Chamber is rightly an Empire occasion. From every single country of the Empire have come gifts—doors, chairs, tables, inkpot stands, and the like.

In the Prime Minister's conference table there is a place of

NO nation has more stamina, when it comes to dancing, than the Scots. And when it comes to Scottish dancing, there is no person more enthusiastic than Princess Margaret.

She has had a good week of it. As guest of the Earl and Countess of Airlie, she went to a country dance at Kirriemuir, and the next night to the Perth Ball.

At Perth she danced continuously until nearly half-past five in the morning.

The scene during feels at the Perth Ball is one of great magnificence, marred only by the fact that during the war the assembly rooms were used for storing food—particularly flour, which still lodges in the cracks beneath the floor, and which rises in fine clouds during the dances.

But this slight hazard does little to damp the sartorial glory of the evening. The men vie with the women in the richness and variety of their dress.

In the Princess's party were two men—the Marquis of Lansdowne and Major David Butler—who wore the uniform of the Atholl Highlanders, which is the only private army left in Britain.

Also in the party: The Earl of Dalkeith and his sister, Lady Caroline Montagu-Douglas-Scott; Lady Anne Coke, debutante daughter of the Earl of Leicester; and Lady Anne Lunley.

Moira in U.S.

TO BALLERINA Moira Shearer, in the U.S. with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company, life must seem good. She has a great personal success on the stage; her husband, Ludovic Kennedy, is busy with literary affairs and plans for a lecture tour.

And down the road from the Metropolitan Opera House in New York, where the London company is dancing, is Broadway's strangest, strongest success—the record-breaking run of Miss Shearer's British-made film "The Red Shoes."

No other film in New York's history has held on so long at the high admis-

wood from every part of the Empire.

It is fitting that it should be so—for to all these countries has spread the British system of government.

437 SEATS

In the new Chamber twin sources of countless parliamentary jokes will disappear. For amplifiers will do away with the inaudible speaker, and air conditioning will keep drowsy members awake.

The floor dimensions are the same as before, but the Chamber is better proportioned.

There are still not enough seats for all M.P.s—only 437. But there is room for 320 "strangers"—and 161 reporters.

CHURCHILL ARCH

One more significant touch—the old building are used in the entrance from the Commons lobby. And it is called the Churchill Arch.

"Home, Sweet Home," Mr. Churchill has always called the Chamber during the long absence from it.

by EPHRAIM HARDCASTLE

LONDON. Half a million people have seen it in 1,700 performances in the same cinema, where it has earned nearly £300,000.

Princo-rider

GUESSES ARE being made about the date of a state visit to London by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard of the Netherlands.

I hear from friends of the Dutch Royal Family that they will probably be here early next summer.

Meanwhile Prince Bernhard has a full programme. This autumn he goes on a shooting trip to Germany with London specialist Stanhope Furber, and in January he sets out to visit the Dutch possessions in South America and the West Indies.

I hear that he is determined to go back to Mexico, where, last year, he enchanted the crowds by his performance as a spectator at a show jumping competition. The country's champion rider was introduced to the prince, who complimented him, and admired his horse.

"Would you like to try him sir?" said the Mexican. For answer Prince Bernhard took off his coat, mounted and rode a clear round.

The shadow

EVERY member of the Royal Family, every Cabinet Minister, every V.I.P. visiting Britain has an armed shadow—a member of Scotland Yard's Special Branch.

The responsibilities of this job are borne by 58-year-old Commander Leonard Burt, a tall, thin, distinguished figure, who wears his black Homburg with a pronounced "beauty tilt."

Formerly a member of the Yard's murder squad, Burt was seconded to M.I.5 during the war and arrested many spies, including Dr. Naima May.

All Holbein

PRESIDENT of the Royal Academy, Sir Gerald Kelly has been busy at his writing table. He has sent 80 letters to the owners of Holbein pictures, for in December the Academy will hold an exhibition of the great 16th-century master's work.

It will be a nearly complete collection. The King has lent all his wonderful Holbein paintings and drawings.

The Archbishop of Canterbury is sending the famous picture of Warham from Lambeth Palace. And the other version of this picture will come from the Louvre in Paris. More canvases will be sent from Italy and Holland.

In and out

AN Oxford graduate, Mr. A. Robert Kenyon, has just finished a 12,000-mile tour of America in his "Bookmobile"—a trailer lined with 1,500 books—belonging to the British Book Centre in New York (representatives of 50 London and provincial publishers).

At the tour's end he had collected an assortment of summonses (for parking offences) as well as a sheaf of orders for books.

His most hectic moment? A man jumped in, took a quick look round, placed an order, and jumped out at the next light.

3 Faths

A NAME much in the news in France today is "Fath." First—Jacques Fath, youngest of the leading Paris couturiers. He has designed the kind of dress which he imagines will be worn by smart women in the year 2000. It is a black silk, clinging creation.

Next—Catherine Fath, Jacques's sister-in-law. She will model the dress at a charity revue to be performed by Paris socialites.

Last—Susanne Fath, pretty young Communist member of a Strasbourg municipal council, who has been sacked by the party for shaking hands with French Prime Minister Fievet.

Although Suzanne is no relation of the couturier, it seems that they have something in common. For the Communist indictment added to its main charge the accusation that she was always disgracefully smart and well dressed.

(London Express Service.)

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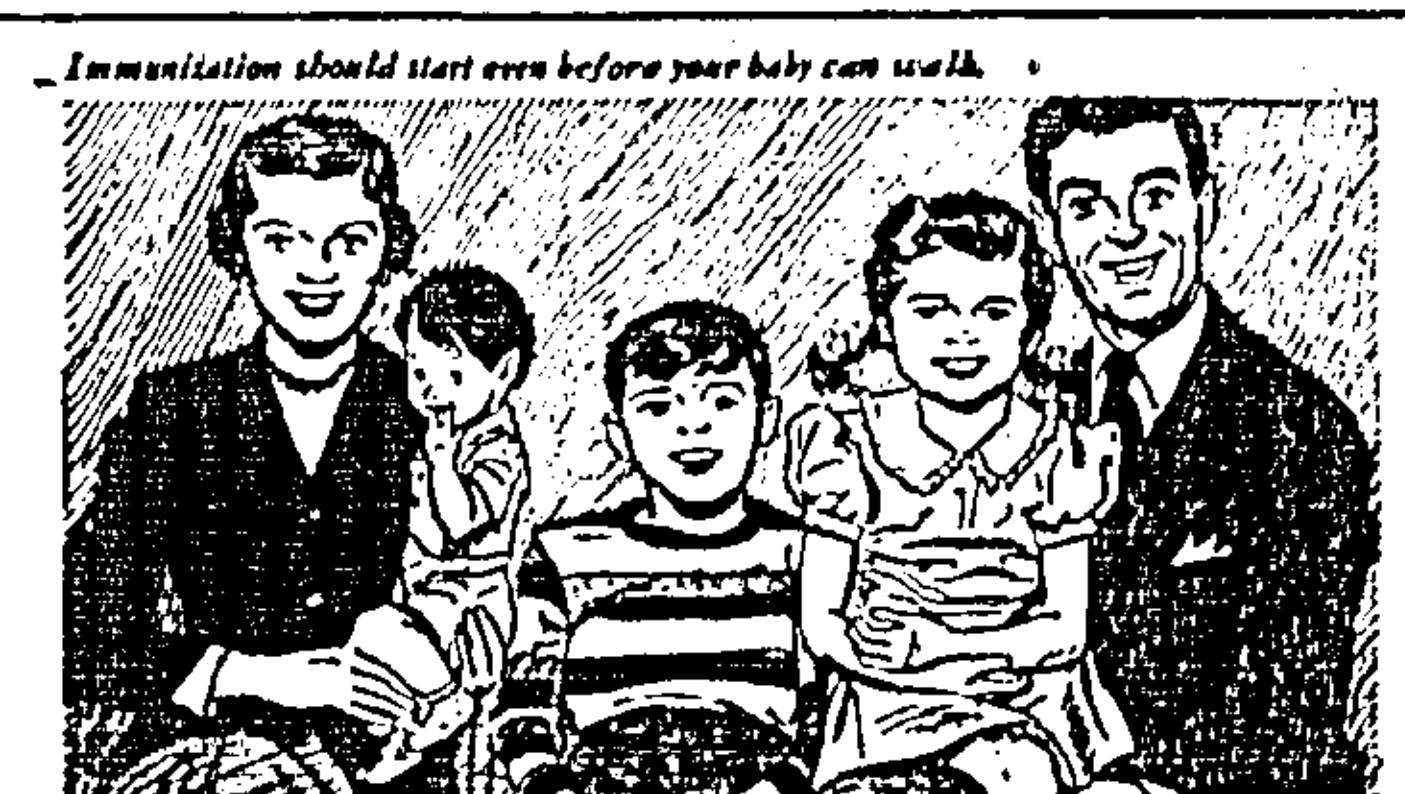
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PORTRAIT OF A TURKISH FAMILY. Irfan Orga. (Gollancz, 16s.) 303 pages.

MARGARET LAKE reviews this week's NEW BOOKS

TURKEY has changed within one generation, perhaps more than any other country. To see those changes taking place in a middle-class Turkish family, in the lifetime of a boy born in Istanbul in 1908, is fascinating, even though this is a naive and not particularly well-written book.

Irfan Orga's mother was a veiled Turkish lady of the old type, married at thirteen and living in total seclusion, as befitted her class. Life for the little boy was centred in the women's quarters and in the weekly visit with his grandmother to the hammam, the luxurious public baths in which well-to-do women loved to spend the day, being scrubbed by servants, lolling about in the steam, anointing themselves with scented oils and eating enormous meals.

Those meek Turkish life in those days was obsessed with food, with perpetual meals of the most cloying and destructive sort. Every domestic occasion was celebrated with mountains of rich and sticky eatables; weddings were orgies of syrup and sweets. One is not surprised to learn that Turkish ladies rarely felt well enough to do more than sit about in enclosed gardens hanging their swimming heads over pieces of embroidery.

To the Orga family the 1914 war brought disasters which must have been common enough in Turkey at that time. The father was killed, their house burned down in the great fire of Istanbul, and the young mother and domineering grandmother were left alone with three young children, a few pieces of salvaged furniture, and not a penny in the world.

What could those veiled and sheltered women do, thrown on their own resources in a harsh

Oriental world which did nothing to help them?

Emancipation was thrust on them, whether they liked it or not. They sold the few jewels that had escaped the fire, went to live in two sordid rooms, and Irfan's mother—still only 22 after nine years of marriage—went to work in a factory.

Facing the hardships of her new life with unexpected courage, she abandoned the veil, even though she was stoned in the streets as a prostitute for this piece of effrontery. Her sons were sent to a charity school and the mother and grandmother lived chiefly on quavelling and cabbage soup.

It was a hard life, and often makes painful reading. One is constantly amazed, as her children were, that a woman so delicately and helplessly nurtured could make such a gallant struggle for survival in post-war Turkey, where hardships and the new regime showed no mercy to the sort of life she had always known.

The struggle, however, exerted a terrible price. By the time her sons were old enough to go through military school, and the eldest, Irfan, was training to be a pilot, her brain gave way under the pressure of suffering and anxiety, and she was dragged from her family to end her days in an asylum.

One learns with relief (since Turkish asylums sound more nightmarish than most) that she died in 1940 shortly before Irfan was sent to England, in charge of a group of young Turkish officers drafted for special training in the RAF.

In spite of its shortcomings—and the author is, remember, writing in English, not in his own language—this is an interesting and often moving book.

"IRFAN ORGA, born Istanbul; educated at Military College; resigned commission with Turkish Air Force 1947; now living in London.

VINDICATION OF RUSKIN. J. Howard Whitehouse. (Allen and Unwin, 10s.) 64 pages.

THE more I read about Ruskin the sorrier I feel for him. Fame has played him an ugly trick, for now instead of caring about his work in education, social reform and art, posterity is chiefly interested in post-mortems on his marriage.

Ruskin married the beautiful Elsie Gray in 1848. For reasons which we can never know for certain (though Mr Quennell in his recent biography offered the likeliest theory) the marriage was never consummated. It became, as one would expect, bitter and unhappy. Six years later the marriage was annulled, and Elsie married the painter Millais, with whom she had fallen in love.

Ruskin himself later became passionately infatuated with an Irish girl, Rose La Touche, when she was only a child, and it was Elsie Millais's bitter letter to Mrs La Touche, warning her against Ruskin's "cruelty," which eventually prevented their marriage.

The whole story is tragic and mysterious and Admiral Sir William James's book, *The Order of Release*, and Mr Peter Quennell's more recent biography, present a Ruskin slightly abnormal and disordered, with her against Ruskin's "cruelty," which eventually prevented their marriage.

Mr Whitehouse's new book is a brave attempt to turn the tables on these disaffected biographers by showing Ruskin in a more reverent light, as blameless and misunderstood. There is certainly truth on both sides, but, as with Byron's relations with Augusta Leigh, we can never know the whole truth for certain.

J. HOWARD WHITEHOUSE is a member of the Ruskin Society, Warden of Hembridge School; has been appointed executor to deal with Ruskin's books and documents. (World Copyright Reserved—London Express Service).

Italian Workers For Britain



Among recent arrivals in London are 45 girls from Milan, Italy, who are to work in British textile factories. Here are some of them when they landed. (London Express Service)

FISH WORTH £100 AN OUNCE

By RONALD GARTH-DAVIS

EVERY morning a quiet bowler-hatted man enters Buckingham Palace carrying a small leather bag full of fish food. Mr Charles Schiller is Curator of the Tropical Aquarium at Buckingham Palace, and tends the inch-long tropical fish, some of them Amazon rarities worth up to £100 to £200 each.

Leaf fishes that can give a remarkable imitation of a dead leaf and hatchling fishes, so thin as to be almost invisible, are among the royal favourites. With a special powdered fish food containing 14 ingredients, plus earthworms and tubifex worms, the fish feast royally.

Three times a week, too, water fleas are taken into Buckingham Palace as a means of giving the fish both food and exercise.

Times were when Britain was strictly on the importing side of the tropical fish trade,

but today British-bred tropical fish are reckoned among the national dollar earners. A famous breeder who began with eight fish costing him 7s. 6d. bred £3,000 worth from this original outlay.

Every year Britain despatches thousands of inch-long supplies to North America by air at up to £4 a pair. Buyers invariably get a bargain. By the time the pair arrive, there is a family of several dozen, for the fish breed very quickly.

Among other stars of the tropical fish world are fantailed goldfish, pugnacious Siamese fighting fish, which kill each other on sight—and their very reverse—the affectionate kissing fish. Fun to watch, they spend their lives in an osculatory daze, kissing each other for hours at a time. Left to

himself, a kissing fish will kiss his reflection in a mirror!

Not long ago, a British expedition went to South America in quest of new specimens and returned with a ten-pound catch estimated to be worth £10,000. Among them was a little fellow with a big name—the Hyphessobrycon—lanceoli—so light that you cannot feel him at all. He ranks perhaps with the highly transparent glassfish, who have to be very closely watched to be seen.

The transparent fish trade, however, has nothing in common with the "invisible Brazilian rodfish," that packed suckers and greenhorns into fairground sideshows in the Nineties.

Experts tell you that fish values are built up by distance. On one occasion, Charles Schiller arranged the passage of a supply of sticklebacks to Australia. When they reached Melbourne, the humble sticklebacks—worth a penny or two in England—fetched 12s. 6d. each!

Defensive Value Of Pyrenees As High As Ever

By Haynes Thompson

MODERN warfare has detracted little from the defensive value of the Pyrenees Mountains. Spain's historic line of defence to the north, say military observers.

The scene of both north and south-bound invasions through centuries of history, the towering, rugged mountains are as much an obstacle today as it was to the Romans, they believe.

They add that nothing so far observed in the fighting in Korea indicates the contrary.

With the outbreak of the Korean war, however, and with it renewed fears of a Soviet sweep through Western Europe, Spain's defences in the Pyrenees are getting fresh attention from military planners.

Many observers believe the mountains are the only obstacle in Western Europe capable of halting, even temporarily, a Russian sweep west.

In between the towering, inaccessible peaks with virtually no means of lateral communication between them. The tallest, Maldeira, goes up 11,168 feet.

From a military point of view, however, the Pyrenees are weak in two places—the Atlantic and Mediterranean flanks. Both have been traditional invasion routes for south and north-bound armies.

Through the narrow corridor, only 10 miles wide between the foot of the Pyrenees and the Mediterranean, Hannibal crossed into Spain in 218 B.C.

In 718 A.D. the Saracens, then masters of Spain, invaded France over the same route until they were stopped by Charles Martel.

The Atlantic side is similarly weak, but it also has been a traditional route for invaders.

USED BY NAPOLEON

Napoleon's generals used Roncesvalles pass, on the Atlantic side, to join the Battle of Somme in 1913.

Should Russia attempt an invasion of Spain today, many observers believe she might follow both Napoleon and Hannibal and attempt both flanks simultaneously.

How long such a double thrust could be held by Spain, no one seems willing to predict.

Most observers are agreed, however, that without outside support or more up-to-date armaments, Spain's best efforts in repelling a Russian attack would amount at the most, to only a delaying action.

After a recent inspection of Spain's defences in the Pyrenees by American military attaches in Madrid, the Spanish Army was reported to have strengthened several passes with reinforcements from Zaragoza.

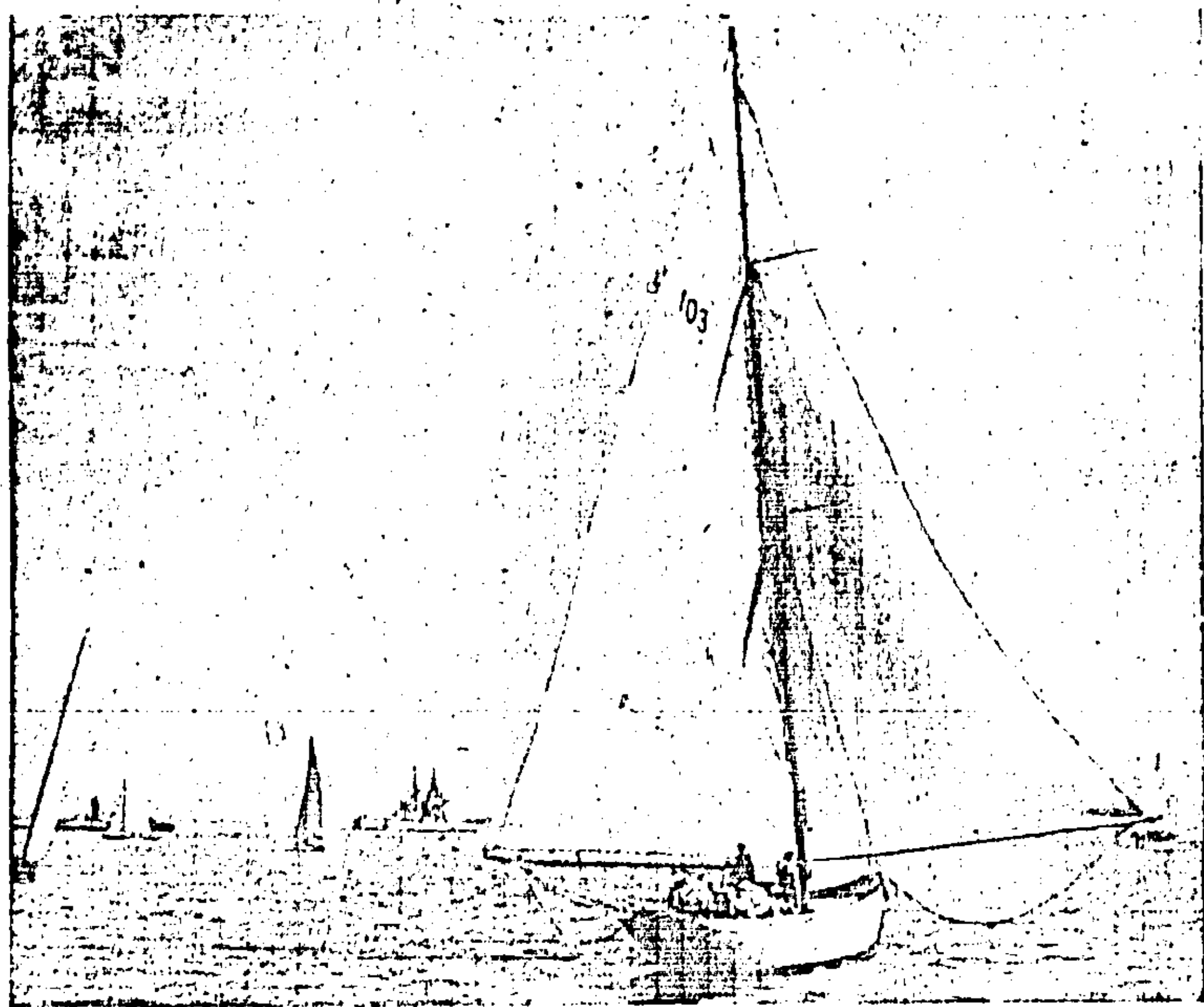
All are believed well covered by a network of hidden defences which do not meet the eye on a casual drive through the area.

Lending Library

By KEMP STARRETT



BREEZY DOES IT



Under full sail to catch the slight breeze, H. M. Crankshaw's "Thanel" presents a graceful picture during the race for yachts of about 25 tons or over at the annual regatta at Cowes, Isle of Wight. In the background is HMS Vanguard, Britain's largest battleship.

Week-end Softball

SAINTS MEET SAINTS IN THE TOP MATCH TOMORROW

BY "Stardust"

Ten games will be played off during the Double Tenth Holidays this week-end on the Association ground and fans can be assured of getting their money's worth. Senior matches take the limelight as eight teams will get into action with the clash between the mighty St Joseph's and St Teresa's serving as the main attraction on Sunday morning at 11.30 a.m. sharp and the South China AA coming up against "Doc" Malthen "Playboy" Baseballers in the nightcap.

Play in the Junior Division will start with three games this afternoon and two tomorrow. The game to watch is the South China AA and the Delawares encounter this afternoon at 4 p.m.

On the distaff side, only one tilt is down for decision this afternoon at 4 p.m. between Beautiful Joyce Guest's Squaws and "Gorgeous Terry" Noronha's Wahoos.

The games which were rained out on September 24 will now be played on Monday, October 9. The mighty St. Joseph's, fresh from their triumph over "Doc" Malthen's "Playboy" Baseballers last week, start as favourites in their tilt against Tony Gonzales' St. Teresa's.

The tussle also marks the first official showing of Tony Gonzales' aggregation and it is going to be a crucial match for both sides, especially the Saints who cannot afford to lose the second time in three starts. Should the Saints starting hurler Sherry Budes reproduce his form he will have the Teresa's batters eating out of his hands. Led by the Leonard brothers—Duke and Stan—they need take no back seat to any club in the matter of garnering base hits.

St. Teresa's have added strength to their squad with the acquisition of several promising newcomers. They will have Joey Franco on the mound, who has plenty of speed behind his pitches, with mentor Tony Gonzales on the receiving end. The Terries have a slight edge over their rivals in sitting power. Faced by heavy hitting Gerry Roza-Pereira, Billy Soares, Peppy Mallit and Mammie Xavier, the Saints have plenty of batting power and if they play heads-up ball tomorrow, they should come out on top. The tussle is the drawing card of this week's programme and it would be folly to hang out on a hickory limb and predict the outcome.

A HOT ONE

The fight between the South China AA and "Doc" Malthen's "Playboy" Baseballers should be a hot one, but the former must put up their best in order to repeat their triumph against the Panthers.



Only one tussle is down in the Ladies Section. This afternoon at 4 p.m. the Braves' Kid sisters, "The Squaws" tangle with the "green-shirted" Wahoos. Fur will be flying around this afternoon when the Squaws go all out to square off the Wahoos, last year's Senior Ladies Champions. It is usual in the Ladies circuit for the squad making the most mistakes to come out at the wrong end of the score and this game should be no exception. After their defeat by "Bloomer Girl" Alice Mar's Canuckettes 7-1 last week, Beautiful Joyce Guest's Squaws are in for business this week. And now who are to do duty for the Squaws? Peppy Joyce Guest will, of course, be leading the way with her lightning spirit. On the mound will be Betty Remedios with Nana "Butch" Carvalho as his hand-maid and should form a rather formidable battery. The initial sack will be well looked after by Joyce Guest, Katherine Remedios will be doing duty in hawk-eye fashion at the keystone station. Gloria Mar Sequeira will be a tower of strength at the hot corner. Charming Carmela Souza will be the guardian of the windy alley. Patrolling the garden will be Wanda Remedios (lf), Sheila Howard (cf), and Frances Ferreira (rf). The Squaws are a shy bunch! They would raze confidently—and loud—when their brothers, the Champion Braves, play but when they themselves play they are quieter than church mice. Jitters got the Squaws in their game with the Canuckettes last week, but that not in the least betrays the dashing play of the Canuckettes who beat them 7-1. It certainly appears that "no love was lost" in this game.

NO WHITEWASHING

The Squaws were saved from the "humiliation" of being whitewashed when Katherine Remedios hit a nice little single and stole home plate on "snow-ice-says". Popular Joyce Guest, who was one of the Big Five in batting in the Ladies Junior List last year, had one hit with three times at bat.

The Squaws collected four hits while the Canuckettes had ten. The Squaws pulled off a twin-killing in the sixth inning when hurler Benita Remedios caught Lily Wong's fly ball and relayed it to first-sacker Joyce Guest to nip Elsie Tong off first base.

The Wahoos, managed by "Gorgeous Terry" Noronha and coached by Joe Morris will reign supreme in their match with the Squaws. The Wahoos will be more haywire than ever to annihilate the Squaws in their third straight victory. They have a new back-stopper in the person of Hilda Soares. The line-up of the team is: "Gorgeous Terry" Noronha (p), Hilda Soares (c), Dolly Brown (lf), Helen Ribeiro (2b), Peggy Barros (3b), Irene Castillo (ss), Elsie Thompson (lf), Elsie Lee (cf) and Virgie Ribeiro (rf).

ALEX JAMES ★ STANLEY MATTHEWS ★ ★ ANDY CUNNINGHAM ★

whose playing careers have spanned the great days of British Soccer, tell you the Gossip and the Inside Stories in their weekly column—

SOCCER - NEWS

Tottenham Hotspur, determined to recapture the effortless style which made them the team of last season, are ready to hit the transfer trail again, despite their £12,000 outlay for Alan Wright. Spurs want a centre forward. Arthur Rowe has watched Nat Loft-house, the Bolton leader.

The general idea is that Loft-house would fit the smooth Soccer pattern of Bennett and Bailey. Spurs are the richest club in the country. The money doesn't even begin to worry them. They will pay up to £30,000.

Does the Villa signing of £15,000 Tommy Thompson from Newcastle—exclusive tip in this column—mean that Villa are embarking on another colossal spending spree? Villa scouts have secured the country from Land's End to John o'Groats looking at the ready-made stars. Villa have tried to buy their way out of trouble before. They're ready to try, again.

VILLA MANAGER?

The Soccer grape vine has it that Villa are soon to appoint another manager. Position has been vacant since Alex Macfie left last year.

A famous Told Division manager may not get a contract renewal this year. As his directors look for a possible successor, the practical manager looks for a farm.

Louis Page, Swindon manager, will take over for Harry Lunn, his Irish right winger. Lunn wants a move.

Still unsigned, Tim McCoy, Northampton centre half, wants a move nearer his home at Brighton. Northampton would probably agree to an exchange deal.

Ireland v England international this Saturday is something of a headache to the Irish selectors. Feelers to English clubs about releasing players have not made them feel too happy. West Bromwich Albion, for instance, are likely to let Ireland have either David Walsh or Jack Vernon, but not both. It's a hard word.

SUCCESS—£5,000

Price of success... the Colchester team which went the first seven matches without defeat cost less than £5,000. Makes you think. Secret of success... promotion to the Third Division, says Jimmy Allen, gave the boys incentive. A new hope for the forgotten ex-League players. Reactions to success... Colchester's Supporters' Club now has 16,000, the biggest in the country.

The supposed one-footed stars are doing all right with the "wooden" legs. Jimmy Mullen (Wolves) scored a lovely right-foot goal at Stamford Bridge, when young Stan Milburn (Chesterfield) played left back, and Tommy Capel (Nottingham Forest) is banging them home with both feet.

So Chesterfield won't take offers for Gordon Dale, their brilliant left-winger. Maybe they will change their minds later.

Chesterfield survive year after year on the transfer of players. A long chain of transferred stars, from Harry Clifton to Tommy Capel, has solved their financial worries. Unless they enjoy an unexpected windfall, it's written in the stars that young Dale, too, must depart.

Chelsea will listen to bids for 22-year-old Welsh international full-back Danny Winter—but at the high reserve figure set they won't get many offers. Danny cost £4,000 from Bolton a few years ago. Now Chelsea expect a very, very generous profit.

Several clubs would like Billy Hughes, now dithering between Chelsea's reserve and third teams. Again Chelsea are likely to set a high price on a man they don't apparently need.

MATCH VIEW

From the upper storeys of flats now being built near Highbury, there will be a grand view of the Arsenal Stadium. Could be money spinners on big match days. Suggestion is that the leases will have some sort of "windows for the use of tenants only" clause.

Croydon Rovers, new professional Metropolitan League side, are the first club in the country to offer free season tickets to schoolchildren aged 10-14. Accompanied "under

EDITED BY...

James
Connolly

are also accommodated free. Chairman H. Rose goes to Stoke on Wednesday, says: he is looking for players. Could one of them be Neil Franklin?

Scott Duncan, the Ipswich manager, is looking for a winter and an inside forward. He has already sounded Portsmouth, may sign another Irishman next week.

EXPERIMENT SPOILED

Departure of Bill Steel from Derby to Dundee prevents what might have been a most interesting experiment. Stuart McMillan, the Derby manager, planned to try Steel on the wing with a roving commission. Steel would have taken less out of himself and could have taken a breather between those electric defence-splitting bursts.

Swansea Town have watched Jim Buchanan, Portadown left half, regard him as a possible successor to Roy Paul. Bolton Wanderers, too, have more than a passing interest. Bolton seem to be quite busy in Ireland. Expect them to make a bid for Ferris Lunn, polished young Dailymena left winger.

Padis of Fulham and Glasgow Celtic have crossed in Ulster. They're rivals for the signature of Gallagher, Glenavon inside forward. Both feel the urgency for class inside men.

Owen Madden, former Norwich and Birmingham City international forward, retired from football and returned home to County Cork during the war. Now he has decided to have another crack at the game—appropriately enough for Cork Evergreens.

Canadian FA have invited Portsmouth to tour the Dominion next year. They also want a Scottish League side to tour at the same time and play the League champions in an exhibition series.

Scottish Players' Union are considering action against East Fife for holding the unsigned players Aitken and Brown.

UP TO THE MINISTRY

Players' Union have cast their contract problems into the lap of the Ministry of Labour.

Union officials were satisfied at the results of last week's informal meeting with the Ministry, who now met Football League representatives to consider the other side of the case.

Our tip is that Johnny Campbell will be Ireland's right winger on October 7. Steve Cochrane flew in from Ireland the otherday on a "Watch Campbell" mission. He went away mighty pleased with what he saw of the Fulham winger against Liverpool.

CHELSEA PROBLEM

Billy Hughes, the Welsh international full-back, joined

JOHN MACADAM'S COLUMN

Head's The Man With A Heart

Surveying the scene sportive from this restricted vantage point, there are one or two things that catch the eagle eye and, if you will forgive an old projective character, here they are...

What does it mean to a Soccer team to have a long unbeaten run? Plenty. Match by match the nervous tension mounts, every match is a Cup tie, with every opposing side trying to be first to break the run.

Every man plays twice too hard to maintain the run, and the football that makes the team great is forgotten in the rush for success.

There are times when Nottingham Forest play like champions of any of the Divisions, and then, when they are pressed to the point of conceding their mastery, when they play like novices.

Mostly they play like masters, and now that they have had the "unbeaten" stigma removed they will get back to their real classy game, relaxed, confident.

What an odd circumstance that a player by the name of Head should, despite his new 14st. frame, play so much with his heart.

Torquay centre half and captain Bert took a ball (against Forest on Saturday) in the pit of the stomach from two yards. It felled him as it would have felled an ox, but he carried on after he'd had the sponge and a bit of massage.

Fourteen years he has been with the club since his Somerset amateur days, and his playing days must be numbered although his stripes never will be.

If Bob John, ex-Arsenal, hadn't been there he would probably have been automatic choice for manager, but if anybody in or out of any League wants a manager or a player-manager, Head's the man—heart and soul.

LUCKY JOE

So far as we are concerned, the big boxing come-back boys represent merely the point at which we came in.

If Louis won what would it represent other than that there isn't enough class around to keep the wolf off the floor? He didn't and the yahoos around the ringside have had the satisfaction of saying they saw a once-great champion have his ears boxed off.

We acquired a certain amount of notoriety in the U.S. before the Louis-Farr tie bout by tipping Farr to win. There are still a couple of cards in existence to indicate that Farr did, in fact, just shade Joe.

Last confirmation we had of this was when Jack Johnson declared: "Mister, don't let anybody tell you Joe beat that guy Farr"... and it is still difficult to see what Joe's emergence means except that he needs the money—luckily for him at a time when there

aren't many people about to get in his way of picking it up... Poor old Dough.

Nothing much of any other consequence on the horizon except the fact that Denis Compton is travelling to Australia as vice-captain of the MCC.

Now, shades of Lord Hawke, who felt it would be a bad day for English cricket when there wasn't an amateur good enough for the captaincy.

We're getting mighty near realization of the uneasy dream... For two pins, Denis would be captain.

—(London Express Service)

NO HANDICAP



Crutches are no handicap for this plucky basketball player at Camp Wawbeek, Wisconsin. He's one of 6,000 children at 75 summer camps through the courtesy of the National Society for Crippled Children.

There Is Still Enough Of The Ted Lewis Spirit Left In British Sport

SAYS Alan Hoby

In London the other week they saluted the man who was probably the greatest British boxer of all time—Ted Lewis, "the smashing, bashing, dashing, crashing Kid," as they called him in the States.

There is a legend that "The Kid" was weaned on a diet of nails and pig iron.

During his white-hot career he won the world welterweight championship and captured the British feather, welter, and middleweight titles.

Moreover, he took the featherweight crown while still in his teens.

THE RIGHT SPIRIT

Today, when there is so much grizzling and groaning over our endless defeats, it is good to remember the Kid Lewis spirit—and to remind ourselves that the youth of 1950 has it in abundance, too.

Here is a world-beating short list of British boys and girls who have the old-time Lewis's go-in-and-win approach to sport.

1. June Foulds, runner, 10, June, Southern 100 yards and national 100 metres champion, is the East Acton schoolgirl who said at Brussels: "I won't be beaten by a Russian." She wasn't.

June, who is already world class, runs because she "enjoys" it. "I never worry whom I'm up against," she told me recently.

2. Margaret McDowell, of Motherwell swimmer, 14. Known as the "Scottish Shrimp," Margaret weighs under 8st, is holder of the English and Scottish senior and junior back-stroke titles. Experts consider her the best back-stroke prospect in the world.

3. Lester Piggett, jockey, 14. The amazing, blue-eyed Lester joined the Gordon Richards class when he marked up his 43rd winning ride on Abraham's Star at Ascot.

Piggott has hands as light as Steve Donoghue's.

4. Stirling Moss, race-driver, 21. Moss won the Ulster T.T.

Others trembling on the brink of greatness are Randolph Turpin, boxer (22), who has the killer punch to become the world middle-weight champion; Peter Goring, footballer, 22, in direct line as England's centre forward; and Brian Close, cricketer, 19, who is now on his way to Australia with the MCC team.

With such youngsters, no one can say that our nerve is going soft in the small of the back. Perhaps YOU know of some others? —(London Express Service)

THE GAMBOLS

